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The Aspirations and Resources of its People

By An American

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VOLUME

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Can Germany Win?

THE ASPIRATIONS AND RESOURCES OF ITS PEOPLE

BY AN AMERICAN

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK AND LONDON
The Knickerbocker Press
1915

The Knickerbocker Press, New York

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE TO AMERICAN EDITION

THE publishers of the American edition of this volume have thought that the book should prove of service to the large public on this side of the Atlantic which is interesting itself in the conditions of the great European struggle, and which is endeavouring to secure authoritative information in regard not only to the causes of the war but to its probable outcome.

It is evident that the author has trustworthy knowledge in regard to the resources of Germany, and that he has not overestimated the seriousness of the task that now lies before the Government and the people of Great Britain. The author realizes, as the English people themselves realize, that they are fighting for the very existence of their Empire; and the fact that the life of the British Empire is, so to speak, now in the balance, is something which cannot be disregarded by the English-speaking people of the United States.

NEW YORK, January, 1915.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE TO ENGLISH EDITION

THE author of this book is an American business man who has had a long and intimate knowledge of German life and German national ideals.

Those who peruse his text will realize that, while his sympathies are with England, he has not hesitated to point out hitherto unsuspected strengths in Germany.

For reasons which it is unnecessary to enter into, it is impossible to reveal the author's identity, but of his *bona fides* and the accuracy of his information, however, we are well satisfied.

And, for what it is worth, and with the sincerest patriotic motives, we desire to associate ourselves with him in his warning to the British public of the long and bitter struggle the present war will involve.

LONDON, December, 1914.

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CHAPTER I

ON TELLING THE TRUTH

THE STRENGTH OF THE GERMAN CREED—FAITH THAT THE SUPER-RACE WILL DOMINATE THE WORLD

"You," said the publishers of this book to me, "have constantly been back and forth to Germany since the beginning of the war. Will you therefore, as an American citizen, write for us an unbiased statement of what is happening in Germany to-day? Will you also, in view of your long association with that country and your knowledge of her national life and outlook, tell the British people in plain language what is the Germans' overmastering passion in this present conflict, and explain to them the development of the Idea which has given rise to it?"

At first I hesitated. Telling the truth is always a thankless task, however important and necessary

it may be, and there were many truths to be revealed which could not be over-pleasant reading to the English.

Finally, however, I decided to accept an offer which was almost a challenge to my friendship to England, because my sympathies are of necessity with your country. Beyond all shadow of doubt the English Ideal is the better Ideal, and the English Way the better Way. To me, as an American, it could not be otherwise, and, if I may be allowed to speak on behalf of my fellow-countrymen as a whole, I would say, in passing, that the utter difference between the American Ideal and the German Ideal has resulted in the failure of the German mission to the United States.

America cannot, as a nation, give to Germany —a country holding doctrines so opposed to her own—either her moral or her material support. We, in the United States, are a democratic people, and in the present war, so far at any rate as it concerns England and Germany, we see Democracy battling with a despotic Autocracy. We see the whole spirit of Freedom at bitter grips with Militarism, and, above all, beholding the ruin of Belgium, we view with horror and anger the spectacle of a great Power bludgeoning a weaker State.

Even at the risk of falling foul of my English reader at the outset I will say that it was this latter feeling which made America antagonistic to Great Britain during the Boer War. And I say this with a set purpose because I wish it to be understood that, whatever my views, I am actuated by a desire to be strictly just.

There is no such feeling in the United States now as that which animated us during the war in South Africa.

To begin with, we have beheld the marvel of the Boer becoming absorbed, naturally and even contentedly, in the British Empire to the extent of a patriotic championship of the British cause when the existence of the British Empire was challenged.

We realize, too, in spite of the great parts being played by France and Russia, that this is essentially a war between the Theory of Empire of England and the Theory of Empire of Germany.

It is more than that. It is a fight for the mastery of all that vast area of the world which is controlled from Europe. It is a question of the ultimate domination of London or Berlin.

And in the United States we look and hope for the spread of freedom and democracy in the world rather than the spread of a military auto-

cracy and all that military autocracy means. With all my heart, therefore, as an American, I hope that England may triumph at the last. But, before she wins, she must learn many truths which are hidden from her now. Above all, before she can hope to compass victory, she will have to understand—in order to overcome them—the spirit and aims of Germany which have resulted in this war.

For not only is knowledge power, but ignorance is a danger.

And the ignorance of the majority of the English people of Germany's spirit and Germany's aims is amazing.

The truth is slowly dawning on them, but even as yet there is no general understanding by the mass of the English people of the terrific power of mind and spirit which has forced the German people to strike this blow.

Your very freedom of imperial and political life is in itself a danger. You have, unfortunately for you, no truly imperial or national teachers and preachers on imperial and national things.

Your immense dominion by land and sea is the result, more or less, of a natural growth.

Your ideal of a free but united Empire is subconscious rather than definitely expressed. You

have no formula which epitomizes the being of your State.

And now, you have had suddenly opposed to your dumb doctrine of Empire a belief of a definite and militant kind.

Germany, with a carefully reasoned, thoroughly preached, and forcefully inculcated Gospel of Empire, has thrown down to you a challenge for the domination of the older earth.

For this supreme moment she has made systematic and scientific preparations. To-day you have all heard of Nietzsche, who preached the Gospel of Force and declared that the Germans were the Super-Race. To-day you have all heard of Treitschke, who persuaded the Kaiser that it was his destiny as the Super-Man to lead the Super-Race to victory, and you have heard of Bernhardi and Von Buelow, fiery Peter the Hermits of the Gospel of Frightfulness, whereby Germany should conquer the world.

This is a gospel which has been blared at the trumpet's mouth throughout Germany for a quarter of a century. Yet, a few weeks ago, you had never heard of it in England.

You are hastening to learn all you can concerning this gospel now. But you are still far from the truth. You are still far from realizing the

iron grip these beliefs have on the minds of all the German people. You are still far from realizing the enormous power and unity of strength which these teachings have given to the German nation as a whole.

You are far, too, from realizing the amazing genius and potentialities and resources of that great union of Germanic countries which make the German Empire as a whole.

With all these matters I will deal directly, and it will do the English no harm to have revealed to them the extent of the full force arrayed against them.

The English are strong enough to hear the truth from one who beholds the conflict from outside. Moreover, the better knowledge of the evilness, brutality, and dishonesty of the German scheme of things should develop that spirit of Inspired Hate which must be born and bred and brought to a maturity of righteous loathing before England is sufficiently stirred from her lethargy to pull down from their pedestals the false gods of Germany and stamp into the mire the deluded Hohenzollern hosts.

You think that you have been roused?

I tell you, English people, that so far you have only stirred in your sleep.

You little know the wakefulness you need, or the strength which you will presently be called upon to put forth.

Yet, while I will openly confess that I desire to preach to the English a doctrine of Inspired Hate for the Machiavellian, damned and devilish doctrines which are the spirit of the German Ideal, I would at the same time warn them against blind bitterness when they discover to what lengths these doctrines go.

Blind bitterness begets exaggeration, and exaggeration is a fatal attribute to a great war.

Your bitterness must be open-eyed and comprehending.

And now I will endeavour to show you why the utmost wakefulness and watchfulness and understanding are necessary in regard to every detail of the German attack. For the moment, I will content myself with giving the barest summary of Germany's faith and belief to-day.

I will put that summary in a form which might legitimately be called the German Creed. It is as follows:

> We believe that we are an old people born anew after Sedan and welded into a great Empire by William I and Bismarck.
>
> We believe that we are the Super-Race, strong

and mighty in mind and in body, and that William II will, under the guidance of the God of Battles, win for us that plaee in the sun whieh has so long been denied us by the jealousy, rapaeity, and enmity of an enfeebled England.

We believe that at the end of this war we shall prove ourselves to be the greatest Empire and the greatest world Power.

We believe that our laws and our system of Government, our Seienees, Arts, and Learning, our Commerce, Hygiene, and general Culture, are such as the world has never known before.

We believe, too, that it is our mission to enforee them on the peoples of the earth and that Europe will first eome under our sway. Those who withstand us must perish.

We believe that our Destiny ean only be fully aecomplished by Blood and Iron.

We believe that war for conquest is our right by the greatness of our State. To that end we have plaeed our nation in arms. We have made an Invineible Army and a Navy seeond to none. These are the means whereby we shall foree our Ideal upon the world. To those who bar our path we will teach the Gospel of Frightfulness.

We believe that ours is the future and that the world is to be won. Might is Right and ours is the Might.

Deutsehland Über Alles!

This, I say again, is the faith of Germany to-day while their hosts are locked with those of Russia in the East and those of France and England in

the West. It is a formidable faith and one which, backed up by armed millions, has torn the world asunder.

It aims at the entire redrawing of the map of the earth as we know it now. And in the pursuit of that objective the Germans hold that those who are not with her are against her and must be wiped out.

It is a cruel faith, an overbearing faith, a faith insupportable to a democratic people. Yet such is the might of it that I am convinced that you will experience horrors, beside which the fate of Belgium is as nothing compared with those which must come before that faith is shaken, much less shattered.

CHAPTER II

GERMANY IN WAR TIME

ENGLAND'S DELUSION AS TO HER TRUE STATE—CHECKED, BUT NEITHER DISCOURAGED NOR DISMAYED

It was written the other day that the English "Tommy" was "exceedingly hard to impress or depress." Now, after all, the English "Tommy" is but typical of the average Englishman, and therefore I may as well admit that the stupendous German creed which I have set forth in the preceding pages may not "impress or depress" the average Englishman overmuch—at least not for the moment. It may indeed strike him as somewhat bombastic, not to say erring on the side of melodrama.

The average Englishman possesses a well-developed sense of humour. It is one of his strong points. Also, although he may not know it, it is a source of weakness. It is apt to warp his vision and distort the truth while his incorrigible optimism distorts the truth still more.

Optimism and a sense of humour are valuable

assets; only I could wish that the English would look the actual facts of the situation a little more squarely in the face. They are ugly truths but they would not dismay them.

The English have never feared the truth, but they have, oftentimes, missed it. That, as a rule, has been the result of faulty information. Their information is almost invariably wrong and their information on the subject of Germany and the progress of the war is lamentably at fault to-day.

That is sufficiently serious, but what is far more serious is the wrong impression to which inaccurate information gives rise.

I know the English point of view perfectly, I know it as well as I know the German. I am not afraid to state it, and so I give, with small fear of contradiction as to its accuracy, the average Englishman's outlook to-day.

Here it is.

Germany has made a ghastly blunder in forcing this war upon the world. Above all, it was fatal folly to challenge Great Britain's power.

Already Germany has lost her colonies, and her trade is ruined.

The German armies have been thrown back from Paris by the French and English, and the Russians are making ready to roll over them in the East.

Soon the hordes of the Czar will be clamouring at the gates of Berlin. Germany, in fact, is threatened from invasion both from the East and the West. She has suffered such losses in the field that old men and young boys are being beaten up to the colours for a last stand. Her navy dares not face the ships of England, which have cut her off from food and munitions of war.

As a result of all these disasters, she is faced with economic and national ruin. Bankruptcy is at hand and the whole of the life of her cities has been flung out of gear so that myriads of women and children are living—or rather starving—on charity. Famine is beginning to stalk through the land, and hosts of unemployed are raising a menacing clamour.

Soon, civil strife and revolution will complete the tale of her *débâcle.*

That is a rough outline of the average Englishman's view of the situation to-day. I wish it were as accurate as it is optimistic.

The English remember that the Kaiser said that this war would be "a struggle to the last breath of man and horse." And already you have a pleasing notion that this last gasp will shortly sound as sweet music in your ears.

Believe me that you will listen in vain for that

for many a long day to come. I wish I could share your optimism, but I cannot.

I am fresh back from Berlin and here is the situation and here are the facts as Germany sees them to-day.

Germany admits that she made great initial blunders and miscalculations at the opening of the campaign. She never dreamed that she would meet with resistance in Belgium or that that resistance would enable the French to take the field in time to save Paris from what would otherwise have been a triumphant Prussian march. Germany, too, admits that she did not realize the strength of the British Expeditionary Force or appreciate how quickly and how safely its transport could be made.

These checks, however, if they have sobered her, have not discouraged her, much less dismayed her.

She believes them to be but of a temporary kind. Had she marched straight through to Paris as she thought she would she could have released from the West sufficient troops to smash Russia in the East. As it is she has had to send to the Russian frontiers army corps which would, she believes, long since have turned the tide of war in France.

Germany has taken careful measure of the

Russians, and in all probability her estimate that they will attempt no definite invasion of Prussia is correct. She believes that Russia will content herself with a thorough hammering on Austria and afterwards invite the German hosts to fight her on her own ground.

If this should prove to be the case, Germany will once again send westwards those army corps which have now been hurried to the east.

And on that immediate probability she reckons much.

The idea that Germany is so hard hit that she is calling up old men and boys is, of course, nonsense. Her supply of men is almost inexhaustible, as I will presently show. Again, it is idle to suppose that Germany is faced with famine. Later I will give the full tally of her food resources. Germany, as a matter of fact, can produce more vital food-stuffs than she can ever hope to consume.

It is true that her trade has suffered a heavy blow and that her financial position leaves much to be desired, but she was prepared to face crises in both directions and has made more provision for her economic existence than you think for.

Moreover, Germany still believes that she will reach Paris; in which case she will not only live on the fat of France but wring sufficient money

from that country, not merely to recompense her for all that she has so far spent but also to carry on the war with Russia and England.

Then it will be England's turn; and, in the German view, her navy has a strategic advantage over the British fleet to-day. That is a matter with which I will deal in detail later, but I may say, in passing, that the German's point of view in this respect is not unbacked by reason.

As for invasion of their own territory, Germans laugh at the bare idea. They think it to be as far off as years yet unborn.

From all this I trust it will be seen that the German side of the shield is very different from what you imagined it to be. Also it must be borne in mind—and this is a most important factor in the case—that Germany's confidence in her ultimate triumph has, so far, not been shaken in the least.

It is true that the spirit in which she is pursuing the conflict now is very different to the spirit in which she made war. She has lost, to a large extent, her braggart bombast in word, her bully's swagger. But the Germans, stripped of their superficial, brutal bounce and bluster, do not stand revealed as cowards. Far from it. Now that they have dropped their veneer of offensive-

ness they stand revealed as a people which, clinging to the faiths they have been taught, believing still that it is Germany's destiny to dominate the world, will fight for their Ideals and for that purpose to the last breath indeed.

Nothing could be more ridiculous than to suppose that the German Empire will crack up at the shock of an initial defeat. On the contrary, the check of her great schemes at the start has only served to steady her and to increase the trust her people place in the Kaiser.

Germany may no longer survey the war with the same boastful, cocksure confidence which possessed her at the outset, but she is not the less determined and she is in no way discouraged.

You can see this change of national front in the spirit of the Berlin crowd.

In the early days of the war the spirit of the people was merry enough. Then, the British Army was falling back; falling back before the weight of overwhelming numbers. Even so, it was saving France and, I believe, the fate of the world.

Then there was "mafficking" every night. Vast crowds kept pace with the troops and sang *Die Wacht am Rhein* and the like, as the bands played the soldiers along Unter den Linden from

the barracks to the changing of the guard at the Palace.

There, night after night, the Kaiser would appear on the balcony and salute his roaring, cheering people.

Berlin—the whole of Germany, for that matter—went to war in a gay mood. There was only a tinge of bitterness in all their gaiety and that rose at the thought of England. I cannot tell you the depths of bitterness to which England's ultimatum moved them. It was a catchword in the streets at the time to say, "France we fight and Russia we fight—but England we hate."

England was the last straw on Germany's war-weighted back which in the end will break it.

Still, as I say, the Germans went to war in a gay mood. Paris was to be a picnic; Petrograd a pleasure jaunt, with a little fighting by the way. England? England could wait. They would smash her to bits by and by. They had no more doubt of that than they had any doubt that London was their goal.

Now the dash to Paris was well meant and well planned. But for the English it would have succeeded. None the less, the Germans knew how desperate an enterprise it was and they took no risks. The carefully prepared bases for their

guns along the Aisne are hard evidences of that. They foresaw that they might have to fall back. They did.

Russia?

Germany never really believed that Russia would move. As for invasion by Russia, Germany does not believe in that now. None the less, it is the steadily growing menace of Russia on her eastward flank which has banished the spectacle of "mafficking" in Germany to-day.

It is slowly dawning on the Teutonic mind that the challenge she flung down to the world has been accepted.

The *Frankfurter Zeitung* has discovered, as though with a shock, that nobody loves the Germans. It adds grimly, however, that they will win respect even from those nations who hate and dread them most.

Germany understands now that she has to face half the world in arms—alone.

For her own sake it is fortunate that she never really counted on her allies. Italy she never trusted. Austria she despises. She looks for no help from there. Rather she has to lend Austria assistance.

Yet, despite the gathering gloom, Germany, if not cheerful, is at least not depressed. She repeats

her Creed to herself with a solemn fervour, stiffens her back, and takes a fresh grip on her sword. With immense moral strength and iron will, she permits no outward and visible sign of any inward or spiritual disturbance.

She has brought all her genius and self-control and government to bear upon her people at a period when anxiety might well result in panic.

And the measures she has taken, backed with an unflinching courage, which rings indomitably true, has produced such an effect upon the German population that Germany remains, outwardly at least, serene and normal to this day.

How serene and how normal I will now proceed to show in detail by the recital of actual facts.

CHAPTER III

MEN, FOOD, MONEY

GERMANY'S GREAT RESOURCES

THE idea that the entire male population of Germany has been flung into the firing line is fantastic.

Germany has nearly seventy millions of people. At the commencement of the war only four million men were called to arms.

There are only six million men in arms to-day, including over a million of the Landwehr and Landsturm. That, it will be admitted, still leaves over sixty millions of people to dress the streets and the country-side; and, I repeat, that in outward appearance the calling up of six million of her troops has made no more appreciable difference in Germany than the absence of your quarter of a million men from England.

This in all probability is a statement which you will find astounding. None the less it is true. Fortunately I am in a position to put the matter

in such a way that you can practically prove it for yourselves.

It has been repeated again and again in English newspapers that old men and boys were being snatched from their homes and flung into the fight. And somewhere on the same page you have probably seen a statement to the effect that swarms of lusty workmen, thrown out of employment by the war, were marching through the streets of the great cities in mute and orderly demonstration of the frightful economic chaos into which Germany had been thrown.

Now, both these statements cannot be correct. To take old men and boys, while countless thousands of young men, and men in the prime of life, were left to roam the streets would be a policy of the insane. Of a certainty it is not Germany's way.

As a matter of fact, both statements are inaccurate—perhaps inaccurate without intention—but none the less misleading for all that.

The "beardless boys" about which we have heard so much are those who would automatically be called up to serve when they reach the age of seventeen.

These boys know that in a few months their turn will come, and therefore, by voluntary drill and marching, they hope the better to fit them-

selves for the ordeal. By such means when they join the colours they will be the stronger in physique and military knowledge, and will thereby have shortened the time of preparation for active service.

This not only accounts for the stories of impressment of boys, but also furnishes evidence of a patriotism which England must surely admire and possibly envy!

So much then for the lads. Now as to the old men.

To put the matter crudely, but at the same time with fair accuracy, it may be said that the Landwehr and Landsturm represent, as far as duties go, those two classes of troops which in England were formerly known as the Militia and the Volunteers.

In Germany, however, though the duties of the Landwehr and the Landsturm are much as I have indicated, there is a difference in the age of the personnel. The German, his military service over, is drafted into the Landwehr; and when the Landwehr has finished with him he may or may not drift into the Landsturm. Thus the majority of the men in the former are middle-aged, and the majority of the latter elderly.

In Germany there have been allotted to the

Landwehr and the Landsturm practically the same tasks—such as watching railway lines, power stations, reservoirs, and so on—as have been given to your English Territorials. And for the same reason—to liberate the full force of the first line army for the field.

Thus, the spectacle of middle-aged and elderly men in uniform in Germany need rouse no pang of pity or passing glow of triumph.

I know, for instance, one wealthy, portly, and grizzled jeweller from the Friedrich-Strasse, who is now guarding English prisoners on Spandau race-course. And he is just as proud and contented with his task as a certain well-to-do master-printer of my acquaintance in the City of London, who is now an Inspector of Special Constables.

The stories of these old men and boys being pushed into the firing line are "moonshine."

Germany is suffering from no lack of men. Two weeks before the fall of Antwerp she closed the lists to volunteering. Doubtless, she would have taken more men if she could; but even the elastic military organization of Germany has reached the limits of its powers of absorption. She has six million men under arms and, for the time being, she can take no more. She cannot drill any more, clothe any more, or arm any more. The latest

recruits, indeed, are as gunless and bootless and blanketless as Lord Kitchener's Army here.

That may sound cheering news, and Heaven knows I have no desire to depress you, only, again, I would utter a warning against the complacency with which the people in England allude to this war as "a war of attrition."

"Germany," you say, "has put all her men into the field, whereas we are only just beginning. When we have trained a million, two million, or three million men, Germany's Army will have wasted and dwindled."

Believe me, you are wrong. Germany's armies will not have wasted and they will not have dwindled. At a rough estimate Germany must have from eight to ten millions of men between the ages of seventeen and forty-five. And she will take them all if she needs them. So far she has not called up 50 per cent. of that number to the firing line.

Germany's resources in men are, indeed, almost incalculable. The Kaiser himself said that he could afford to lose two thousand five hundred men every day of the war, no matter how long it lasted, and yet keep his army as numerically strong as it was at the beginning.

This boastful estimate was based presumably

upon the fact that Germany's population increases by nearly a million a year. It is, however, not entirely justified, as the Kaiser has forgotten to take account of two important facts.

First, that about 50 per cent. of these births are those of females, and second, that the absence of four or five million men in the field must result in an enormous drop in the birth-rate.

As against this it may possibly be pointed out that the majority of troops in the field are unmarried.

Quite true, but even so their absence may affect the birth-rate less than is imagined. One of the statistical evidences of Prussian *Kultur* is the fact that out of every five births in Berlin one is illegitimate.

When Germany needs men she will begin with the unemployed; and you must remember that Germany can take whom she pleases by right and is not dependent upon the volunteer.

Now as to food supplies, when Germany went to war she made quite sure that her national larder was stored as plentifully as her arsenals. You must remember that six million men are now dependent for meals on the State and the German War Office.

Of course, the State made full provision to feed

these men, simply but in plenty, for two years to come. This I know for fact.

For the rest, the granaries of Germany, without taking count of next year's harvest—or wheat and other supplies which she can obtain from elsewhere—hold, at least, one year's supply for her full needs. And after that?

After that, Germany has ample means of replenishing her national larder both from within and without.

I know that there is an idea abroad in England that Germany is not a self-supporting country in the matter of food, and also that, because her coasts are closed, she is cut off from the balance of foodstuffs she requires to keep alive her national life. In short, it is imagined that she has been reduced to the level of an island suffering from a highly successful blockade.

It is an idea about as reasonable as it would be for Germany to suppose that England is starving to-day.

A certain distinguished English journalist, whom it is kinder not to name, recently made a surreptitious visit to Germany, and returned with the report that a great general was fighting for the Allies—General Famine.

What false friend he can have met by the way,

or what mysterious authorities on the subject supplied him with such bogus information, I cannot conceive. Nothing could be more ludicrous than the supposed aid of General Famine. And nothing, too, if I may be allowed to say so, could be more dangerous towards the education of England's spirit and the progress of her recruiting than the scattering broadcast of such preposterous nonsense as this.

Any statement which falsely, however unintentionally, minimizes the resources of Germany, militates against the British cause.

I will take her resources from within first; and, at the outset, it is necessary to combat, with a few plain facts, the popular delusion that she is in even a worse agricultural position than England.

Apparently the English have become so obsessed by Germany's development as an industrial nation that they have forgotten—or else they do not know—that she is still one of the greatest agricultural countries in the world.

In that respect, indeed, she is in an incomparably stronger position than that of Great Britain. Her population is roughly 40 per cent. larger than that of the British Isles, but her land under corn cultivation is 300 per cent. greater in extent.

According to the latest statistics available,

Germany's corn, including rye, occupies thirty-five million acres. As against that, statistics for the same period show that England could only boast considerably less than eight million acres.

According to the last-issued figures, Germany's acreage under potatoes was eight and a quarter millions, whereas England's acreage devoted to potatoes only amounted to one and a quarter millions.

In both these crops, therefore, Germany has an enormous advantage over England, especially in the case of potatoes, in which respect her production is so great that it amounts to four pounds per head of her population per week per annum.

There is also another aspect of the case which must be disquieting from the English point of view.

It is a little difficult to understand why a country should export a commodity of her own production and at the same time import the same commodity from a second country. Yet this is what Germany has been doing. And, though the news will doubtless come as a shock, it is none the less a fact that, excepting only the great grain-growing lands of America, Russia, and the Argentine, Germany sends more wheat and flour to England than any other country in the world.

There is also another great factor in Germany's

cereal resources which it were folly to overlook. It is estimated that in England the bread consumed per person per annum is the product of six bushels of wheat. As a matter of fact, it is only approximately the product of four and a quarter bushels of wheat, because, in the production of the popular white bread, the balance of one and three-quarter bushels is discarded as waste. In Germany, the wheat and rye are ground whole, thereby producing that wonderfully sustaining bread which the poor of England denounce with scorn as "black" and would refuse to eat.

Therefore, taking the consumption of bread per head in Germany in the same ratio as in England, and remembering that the average crop of German wheat is over seventeen million quarters, and of rye nearly fifty million quarters, one arrives at the conclusion that there are, regardless of outside resources, eight bushels of such grain available in Germany per head. This is a result which shows that Germany can produce in normal conditions nearly twice as much bread as her people can comfortably consume.

Apart, too, from her superiority in the production of bread-producing cereals, Germany has also other agrarian advantages. For instance, in the furnishing of England with oats, Germany

stands second on the list; and, in addition, she also exports to Great Britain year by year enormous quantities of barley, rye, malt, peas, potatoes, and beans. All these she will now, of course, retain for her own purposes. Further, she can, as I will show directly, secure for a long time to come enormous quantities of wheat from America.

I have noticed in the English papers, during the past three months, repeated statements that milk has become a practically unpurchasable commodity in Germany. What can have given rise to these statements it is a little hard to conceive, considering that, whereas in England there is roughly one cow available to each sixteen inhabitants, Germany can produce one cow to every five of hers. Thus, even deducting milk for calves and a residue for cheese, Germany has an infinitely larger milk supply per head to its population than is the case in England.

In the matter of milk, too, one must not forget the humble but necessary goats which, in Germany, number ten as compared with England's one.

Or take the question of eggs. Germany will now retain the sixty million eggs which before she sent annually to England.

Thus, in the essentials of life, Germany is, in

substantial figures, infinitely better off than the United Kingdom.

There is, however, the possible exception of meat.

This, so far as the bulk of her population goes, will probably not trouble her very much. Germany comes somewhat low in the list of the nations of meat-eaters so far as beef and mutton are concerned, and the prospect of a serious shortage in her meat supply would not alarm her in the same way as it would you in England.

For the present, at any rate, the price of beef in Germany remains practically the same as before the war. This is largely due to the fact that, as a temporary measure, Germany has been purchasing enormous quantities of beef from Holland.

I will make no secret of the fact that I passed through Dutch territory on my way to Germany, and I know to what extent they have been sending their cattle across the German frontier. Again, in the autumn, Smithfield Market expects great supplies of beef from Holland. No such supplies have arrived this year.

Indeed, in regard to Germany's purchases from Holland the same applies to wheat. German agents have bought up, at prices considerably advanced it is true, all the available wheat and

flour the Dutch could scrape together. It is, indeed, Holland to-day which stands at peril of starvation rather than Germany.

Holland's traders have denuded their country of foodstuffs for the sake of German gold. To such a pass have they come in fact, in Holland, that to-day in Amsterdam they are making bread from a mixture of rye and tulip bulbs.

This is by the way. Far more important to the German population as a whole is the question of pig meat. It is from pig meat there is made the excellent and sustaining, if to the stranger somewhat mysterious, *Wurst* (sausage) which, with a couple of slices of rye bread, will provide a man in Germany with an ample meal.

Now how does Germany stand in regard to what we in America should call hogs? She stands excellently. There are to-day in Germany over twenty million pigs, or well-nigh seven times as many as there are in the United Kingdom. This, too, is a stock which can be rapidly increased, and as Germany's vast supplies of crops will now be kept at home, there is ample fodder for all the stock that she can hope to raise.

Of course, in all these estimates of German resources in the matter of food, there must be taken into consideration the fact that she is no

longer living in normal times. So far the production of future crops has been unhampered in the west, but in the east, especially in East Prussia, much damage has been done. And as Russia advances on the one hand and the French and English on the other, so will Germany's productive area decrease.

It remains to be seen how great a decrease this will be.

Her great hope is in the strength of her agricultural population, which is enormous. The German Empire alone contains five million peasant owners. A certain number of these have, of course, been called to the colours, but on the German farms, which in the main are small holdings, the women of the district do almost as much work as the men. And, under the stress of war, Germany can rely on them to conduct her agrarian industries almost without male support.

This, again, though the widespread nature of female labour in the field may prove offensive to the English mind, is none the less a source of strength in Germany which cannot be ignored.

Whether in the long run, however, agriculture can or cannot be maintained in such circumstances, Germany is taking no risks.

Already she is, with what ready money she can

spare, laying in enormous supplies of grain from America. This, too, will probably be news to England.

Of course Germany cannot purchase this grain direct. Instead, her agents in the United States purchase it for shipment to neutral countries. There it is unloaded and retransported to Germany.

This is a perfectly legitimate traffic in accordance with the laws of nations. At least the American shippers stand in no peril of rebuke or of embroiling their country. It is upon the agents in the theoretically neutral countries that the onus of the transaction lies. It is, too, a procedure with which Great Britain will have considerable trouble in dealing.

And it is well that the English should bear this in mind before encouraging themselves too much in the belief that she has cut Germany off from all supplies of foodstuffs.

There is, of course, some risk to the participants in the business, but, having regard to the secrecy and extraordinary ingenuity with which the work is carried out, the risk is very small. In any case, it is a risk which the shippers are cheerfully prepared to face considering the estimate that there is a net profit of 2*s*. per

bushel on all the grain so introduced into Germany.

But this system of shipping to neutral countries and then retransporting the goods to Germany itself is by no means confined to wheat.

Enormous orders for tinned meats have been placed with big Chicago firms, and since the beginning of the war there has been, and is still maintained, a steady stream of such commodities leaving the United States en route for Germany.

So far as one can see this is a state of affairs which can be continued to the end unless the neutrality of certain countries, which need not be named, have their *bona fides* challenged by Great Britain. Meantime Germany can afford to laugh at the thought of famine.

Thus it will be seen that Germany is amply supplied with food. How does she stand in regard to money?

In normal times the public of every country, when they meet the question of High Finance, pass it by on the other side. They feel that it is too involved and too intricate a subject for them to grapple with, with any hope of understanding or success.

But war changes many things; and now there is a feverish desire on the part of all men to under-

stand how that mystery High Finance affects their daily lives. They have already learned that in war time there is only one kind of money which speaks with a loud and triumphant voice—Gold.

The introduction in England of the paper one-pound note and ten-shilling note has made even the labourer think. He fumbles the little piece of paper between a soiled thumb and forefinger and reflects, with not a little natural pride, that it would not have been issued if the Government could not have honoured it in golden coin. Thereby he comes to appreciate that it is not credit, not paper finance which keeps fleets upon the sea or armies in the field. The only thing which really matters is gold, and he is as anxious as the German to know to-day how the two countries stand in regard to that commodity.

The production of gold and its influence upon all the work of the world is a mystery which so far no one has been able adequately to explain. Needless to say, therefore, I have no intention of attempting the impossible now; but I hope that I shall be able to make clear in a few simple words Germany's outlook in this respect.

All money talks, but no money shouts so loud as gold, and by its very shortage in Germany

to-day gold is making itself most uncomfortably heard.

I believe there was an idea in England, during the opening stages of the war, that there was a greater scarcity of gold and silver coin in England than in Germany.

I do not believe this was the case. Certainly it is not the case now.

The impression was probably created by means of the astute "window-dressing" arts to which Germany resorted to deck her financial shop at the outset of hostilities.

Great play was made with the fact that Germany provided no official moratorium. Herr Ballin, the head of the Hamburg-American Line —who ought to have known better than to make so foolish a "bluff"—in endeavouring to explain the easiness of Germany's financial circumstances as compared with those of England, went so far as to say that the moratorium had shattered Britain's credit for ever. Herr Ballin, of course, knew that this was sheer nonsense; but he was only put up to make the statement in the hope that he might in some small measure lessen a financial crisis which, in Germany, grows in intensity every day the war is prolonged.

Official moratorium in Germany there may be

none. Nevertheless, an unofficial moratorium is actually at work. All banking credit is suspended except to firms with hard and fast contracts with the Government; and loans due are now allowed to be paid on the instalment plan without the charge of any additional interest. Moreover, the Courts refuse to enforce the payment of debts or rents. One could hardly hope for a moratorium with a wider scope than this.

And money grows tighter all the time. Marks have already depreciated nearly 5 per cent. since the declaration of war, and the rate of gold exchange is so excessive that for practical purposes it has become almost prohibitive.

You, in England, may be temporarily inconvenienced by the presence of a considerable amount of £1 and 10 *s.* notes, but in Germany, such is the flood of paper money, a man is thankful if he can rattle two marks together in his pocket.

This is a state of affairs which daily must grow worse. America never had many credits in Germany, and such as she had she is calling in to the best of her ability. Not only this, but the shippers in the United States, in return for the grain, tinned goods, etc., they are sending, are extorting payment in gold, which one may be perfectly

sure the "neutrals" have well in hand before they begin the trans-shipment of foodstuffs to Germany.

The fact of the matter is, the American bankers do not believe Germany to be solvent. They are not swayed by sentiment or fairy tales. They base all their calculations upon the state of the money market and upon that alone.

And these are matters which have naturally occasioned the greatest concern in the Fatherland. True, she has presented, so far, an extremely bold, not to say audacious, front to an inquiring world. Her newspapers have been busy feverishly assuring the German public that there are no grounds for alarm.

The *Frankfurter Zeitung*—the organ through which money talks in Germany—has even gone so far as to evolve a patently fallacious theory that, if driven to it, the German Empire could maintain herself by a judiciously organized system of internal trading.

The same newspaper added pettishly that, after all, the question of German solvency was purely a question for Germany herself. To that one might justifiably retort, "*Qui s'excuse s'accuse.*" It is a statement as demonstrably absurd as the *Frankfurter Zeitung's* scheme to reduce Germany

to the economic level of the village whose inhabitants eked out a precarious existence by taking in each other's washing.

Yet, amazing though it may seem, Germany has in actual fact already reached that level. This is easily proved by the astounding manœuvres employed to engineer the War Loan which has been pronounced such a financial and popular "success."

Of this, Herr Havenstein, the President of the Imperial Bank, is particularly proud. He points out that there were 231,000 subscribers of from £5 to £10; 241,000 subscribers of from £15 to £25; 453,000 subscribers of from £30 to £100, and 157,000 subscribers of between £100 and £250. Herr Havenstein also points out with relish that there were 361 subscribers of over £25,000 and less than £50,000, and 210 subscribers of amounts of £50,000 each. Then analysing these figures again Herr Havenstein triumphantly arrives at the fact that its popularity cannot be doubted seeing that 900,000 separate subscriptions were for amounts of under £100.

That a War Loan of these dimensions could be successfully floated in Germany no one had any doubt. But no one would have believed, before the event, that the German Government would take the extraordinary step of lending the public

the money wherewith they were to subscribe. Yet this in actual fact is what they did. The *Berliner Tageblatt* has given the whole game away.

The Government in part ensured the success of the War Loan by authorizing loans to the public, on good securities, to the value of seventy-five millions. It did not take the German public long to realize securities to that amount, whereupon the German Government, exercising the rights it possesses, raised the total authorized amount to one hundred and fifty millions.

This, the *Berliner Tageblatt* makes no bones about saying, was "a measure taken in the interests of the War Loan," because "it was necessary to give large subscribers and especially public bodies, whose subscriptions ran into many millions, the opportunity of raising money on their investments."

The German Peter therefore advanced the German Paul money in order that the German Paul might lend it back again to Peter.

But this was not the end of this amazing financial juggle. Paul has since raised fresh money on the securities he has received from Peter.

Thus, the legend of the villagers who eked out a precarious livelihood by taking in each other's washing, has reached in Germany a modern *reduc-*

tio ad absurdum even more ridiculous than the original economic myth.

It is not, therefore, surprising that to-day in Germany various industrial and trade bodies are meeting and shouting the question, "Are we downhearted?"

The answer is "No"; but it is a trifle quavering.

The answer is all the more quavering because they realize that sooner or later Germany will have to face the results of her flagrant dishonesty to England immediately before the war.

All manner of statements have been made to prove that Germany was preparing for war all through July. No further proof, however, is necessary beyond the fact that in the latter half of this month Germany let loose on London a perfect avalanche of bills of exchange.

Naturally these have not been paid, and the money secured from them for the coffers of Germany has been applied to the purposes of war. Thus, all unwittingly the bankers of London paid the opening expenses of Germany's campaign.

It would be hard to conceive a more conscienceless piece of international dishonesty than this, and it represents a debt which Germany will ultimately have to pay with heavy interest.

Thus things are bad, but Germany is by no

means in despair. On the contrary she is full of fight. She will make another tremendous effort to smash France because it is her plan of campaign to extract sufficient money from the French to carry on the war with England. That, knowing the state of her own exchequer, has been her design from the first, and she has still, believe me, an unshaken faith that it will be accomplished.

CHAPTER IV

TRADE

GERMANY'S SECRET SCHEME

WITHOUT trade there can be no gold, and when war closed in on Germany from all sides she recognized that she would be as barren of trade as England would be of foodstuffs if the mastery of the seas had passed to Germany.

There was but one way of escape from this complete isolation. It was by way of America. Germany tried it and failed.

It was a bold and clever scheme for embroiling America in the war with some chance of her standing in with Germany.

It was believed in this country, and it is still believed generally in the United States, that Herr Dernburg's mission to America was a semi-diplomatic one of an altruistic order. It was supposed that he went to America for the purpose of explaining away outrages on Belgium which had shocked the whole of the United States, and, by

plausible and specious arguments, gaining for his country a certain amount of moral support.

That America's moral support during the war would have been of great comfort and benefit to Germany no one can doubt; but that was not the real motive underlying Herr Dernburg's visit.

The thing which concerned him most, though there have been no public pronouncements on that fact, was German trade.

Here it should be explained that a vast proportion of Germany's imports in raw material come from the United States in the shape of cotton, copper, and petroleum. These necessaries of modern life she takes from America to the extent of scores of millions of pounds per annum. In return, she exports to America linen, gloves, embroidery, hosiery, aniline dyes, and chemical and medicinal products to an almost equal extent.

With her import of raw materials from America cut off, Germany saw that she would be in a parlous state indeed.

To begin with, a great percentage of her manufacturing and commercial life would be paralysed. That would be a sufficiently serious thing in itself; but it was far more serious for Germany to contemplate a shortage of copper and petroleum,

seeing that these two articles were highly necessary as munitions of war.

This is especially the case in regard to copper. And lack of copper, though its intrinsic value is far below that of gold, may in the long run do as much to defeat Germany in this war as lack of gold itself.

Without copper Krupp's and Erhardt's cannot produce the guns, shells, and rifle ammunition which to-day are to Germany the breath of life. Without petroleum the manufacture of airships, aeroplanes, and armoured motor-cars is vain. At the moment copper and petroleum are as vital to Germany as bread.

She has, it is true, enormous supplies of both copper and petroleum, which will last her, even at the present rate of consumption, for some time to come. But these supplies cannot last for ever, and when they come to an end Germany must automatically close the war.

Hence, therefore, her terror of a copper and petroleum famine.

To meet the contingency she evolved an amazing plan. She proposed to the United States that these raw materials should be carried to Germany in neutral ships under the convoy of the United States Navy. In return she was to send back to

the United States linen, hosiery, chemicals, and so on in the same neutral bottoms and under the same convoy.

That was a wild-cat scheme on which Washington at once set its foot. What individual American shippers might care to do in the matter of sending grain and other foodstuffs to Germany, via neutral countries, was purely a matter for the shippers themselves. In that respect the United States did not propose to interfere and told Herr Dernburg as much.

But when it came to copper and petroleum it was quite another matter. The prospect of the shipment of these articles, even to covering neutral countries, was not one which the United States Government could regard without uneasiness, despite the fact that the transaction was internationally legitimate.

The idea, however, that such obvious munitions of war, even in the raw state, should be carried direct to Germany under the protection of the United States warships, was too ridiculous to be considered for a moment.

Shipments of wheat, carried out as I have already indicated, can be explained away for a time; but the sudden flooding of small nations with enormous supplies of copper and petroleum would

have given rise to questions on the part of Great Britain which would very possibly have been fraught with serious results.

To carry on a carefully organized system of providing Germany with the munitions of war with the official backing and support of the United States could have had only one termination—a breach with England.

That was the last thing in the world desired by the United States, and when Germany was politely informed that such a suggestion could not be countenanced for a moment, Germany's official attitude at once changed. And the result of that change of attitude was immediately to be traced in the altered tone of the German Press. To-day the German newspapers are pouring an even more virulent stream of abuse on the head of the United States than has been vented on England.

The reason for this, however, is not, as is commonly supposed, America's refusal to accept Germany's estimate of her own conduct in the war—whereby she would have secured a valuable asset in the way of that moral support which she sadly needs—but because of the refusal to ratify a secret compact which would have been tantamount to a monstrously "Unfriendly Act" on the part of the United States towards England.

This is a little piece of secret history which bears ample testimony to Germany's Machiavellian, if somewhat clumsy, tactics.

That she failed, and that failure has imperilled Germany's trade to an extent which has roused her to a frenzy of alarm, is obvious from her Press.

Her concern for her vanished trade is indeed made clear by that blundering apologist, the *Berliner Tageblatt.* Reviewing the situation it says:

> It will need enormous efforts for our export trade to recover even some part of the markets which were open to us before the war. England and all her Colonies, France, Russia, Belgium, Japan—what vast territories are covered by these names—and what a very large part of our exports of about £500,000,000 went to these parts of the world! Of course, not the whole exports to these countries will cease, but we may be sure they will not take from Germany anything but what they cannot get elsewhere or can get only on very much less favourable terms.

This is a terrible confession of defeat. Even if she wins, Germany knows that at the end of the struggle the world will hate her to such an extent that the nations will lend her no support beyond that which economic necessity compels them to give.

No, Germany beholds the horrid spectre of vanishing trade and she knows now that without trade there can be no gold.

She knows now that this, above all other wars which have ever been waged, will be a war of gold piece against gold piece; and England, in the long run, will be able to put down more gold pieces than Germany. But the hour of the triumph of the long purse is still far distant.

When the pinch comes, Germany will organize herself economically, as thoroughly, as ruthlessly as she organized her arms, for in the words of a German banker: "*Every mark will be squeezed till it shrieks.*"

During the later stages of this Gold War, Germany will feel the strain most, and then there may arise internal dissension, strife, and even revolution.

But do not count on that too much. You will not see that for a year or two, or perhaps three. If I were not afraid of needlessly overstating the case I would even go so far as to say four.

Much, of course, will depend upon how the war goes, and much will depend, too, upon the Kaiser. It is unwise to underrate the abilities of the monarch who to-day stands out as the living embodiment of Germany in arms.

CHAPTER V

THE KAISER

SEVENTY MILLION GERMANS BELIEVE IN HIM!

THERE is a general impression in England that the Kaiser is a sensational lunatic with an unbridled lust for power and destruction, tempered with a distinct tinge of religious mania. How strongly this belief is nurtured, even by persons of intelligence, may be gathered from the fact that a certain dignified and responsible British organ recently alluded to His Imperial Majesty as "a supreme egoist suffering from megalomania"; and this is a verdict which is popularly interpreted by the English man in the street as "'E's balmy —that's what 'e is—'e 's balmy."

There is cherished in England also the idea that this impression is shared by quite a large number of the Kaiser's subjects. Nothing could be more grotesque.

I have been in touch with Germany for many years. I know that the Kaiser has not only grown

up with his people, but has led his people in their wonderful march of progress since his succession to the throne.

I have just returned from Germany, in the midst of war, and I know that to-day seventy millions of the German people are thoroughly satisfied that the Kaiser is splendidly sane and sound, not only in his ideas, but in his actions.

If, therefore, the Kaiser be mad, he has seventy million lunatic subjects—which is absurd.

Before the war there was a large portion of the British public—probably the vast majority—who thought Lord Roberts mad. They refused to believe in the Kaiser as a "bogey"; they laughed at the idea of Germany possessing a world ambition and the notion of Germany pursuing a policy of aggression. It was inconceivable to them that Germany should wish to dominate the world by force of arms, and they ridiculed the efforts of an aged and gallant English soldier to warn his countrymen in time.

Is there to-day one of his former critics who believes Lord Roberts was mad? Not one. Even the most violent of them now nurse the unhappy conviction that had they listened to the Man who Knew, this ghastly war might have been shortened by a year or more.

In the same way, therefore, the English theory that the Kaiser is insane will not hold water. Of a certainty no one in Germany believes the Kaiser to be mad. Whether he is bad is another matter. That again is a question of point of view.

The people of Germany were not always of one mind with him. Even ten years ago they made mock of him in secret; but the men who were young when the Kaiser was young have grown middle-aged with him. The men who laughed at him twenty, fifteen, and even ten years ago laugh at him no longer. They have watched the steady growth of German trade and watched her steadily accumulating power. They have watched, too, with uneasy minds, the astonishing growth of the German population, and have realized that there must come a day when their swarming millions must be given greater room and greater scope.

The whole crux of the matter was when the hour to strike would come. I will endeavour to show that it was inevitable the Day should dawn immediately after the Balkan Wars.

Few people study international politics closely; but there run through the minds of most men, even though subconsciously, certain simple truths concerning these mysteries, which they may not have the time or inclination to study much.

It is nearly a quarter of a century ago since Rudyard Kipling wrote his famous book, *The Light that Failed.* In that book there was a certain war correspondent who prophesied, from year to year, that in the spring "there would be trouble in the Balkans," and that after that "trouble" Europe would be set ablaze.

It was that war correspondent of fiction who accustomed you in England to dread trouble in the Balkans, and to fear that when it arose Armageddon would follow in its wake.

Now the trouble in the Balkans has come to pass, and the blaze-up of the world has inevitably followed.

This, of course, is putting the matter very crudely, but it is not given to every man to know the amazing game which in recent years has been played on the chess-board of Europe between the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente, the former seeking to realize either of Germany's two ambitions—Pan-Germanism or Colonial expansion—and the latter to maintain the *status quo.*

It may be said that Germany definitely decided to postpone her policy of Colonial expansion in favour of Pan-Germanism after Agadir.

Pan-Germanism roughly entails German domination over Austria and Hungary, the Balkan States,

Turkey, Asia Minor, and finally India. Austria would, of course, dominate the Adriatic and Italy the Mediterranean. It was the peaceful penetration of Turkey and the active building of the Bagdad Railway in pursuance of this great scheme that brought matters to a crisis.

The position of the Triple Entente had grown by no means comfortable. England had been gradually compelled to concentrate her fleets in the North Sea, leaving to France the guardianship of the Mediterranean and the route to India.

To defeat Germany's aims and secure a preponderance of power in the Mediterranean it was vitally necessary to detach Italy from the Triple Alliance. They therefore suggested to her that if she chose to occupy Tripoli—on which she had long cast covetous eyes—they would have nothing to say. In return, however, Italy was to use her new strategic position in favour of the Entente.

Italy accepted the proposition and made descent on Tripoli. But she met with an opposition which no one could have foreseen, and the war promised to be long and costly. Nor could France or England lend their new ally any aid without immediately precipitating the whole of Europe into war.

This unforeseen difficulty on the part of the

Triple Entente enabled Germany most astutely to turn her defeat into success.

Word was sent to Italy from Berlin that if she would only return to the fold of the Triple Alliance Germany would use her influence with the Turk to secure her possession of Tripoli. Nay, more, when the great Pan-German plan eventuated Italy might look for further fair possessions. In return, however, she was, if need be, to use against England and France the very strategic positions which these Powers had designed for themselves.

This was a glittering prospect, and Italy bit greedily at the bait.

Germany, however, had reckoned without the Young Turk party, and the Young Turk party resolutely refused to hear of the surrender of Tripoli.

Upon this, Germany conceived a most nefarious and treacherous plan for dislodging her friend the Turk from Tripoli, and she sent secret word to the Balkan States that they would have her countenance, and if necessary her support, if they cared to begin their long-cherished design of turning the Turks out of Europe. That they would succeed in this enterprise Germany did not believe, and her main purpose in instigating the war was

to loosen Turkey's grip on Tripoli. Also she hoped that the war would so weaken Bulgaria and Servia that they would be more amenable to her final plans.

Naturally the Balkan States were delighted at the prospect of taking the revenge they had so long cherished. But imagine their amazement when almost at the same time they received a similar secret intimation from the Powers of the Triple Entente that the time had come for the Balkan States to strike for a larger freedom and for a confederation which would free them for ever from the ceaseless menace of Austria.

The reason for this was that the position had become so alarming that the Triple Entente had decided to stake everything on raising between Germany and the Near East the barrier of this confederation of the Balkan States.

And the Entente was right in its estimation of the power and determination of the Balkan States, and the estimate of Germany was wrong.

Germany watched with horror the triumphant march of the Balkan States almost to the gates of Constantinople. She knew that these States would be far too flushed with triumph to listen to any suggestion from her at the close of a successful war.

We all know now, how, when they had settled with the Turk, the Balkan States ruined all their chances by flying at each other's throats.

Then came the murder of the Archduke Ferdinand.

It was this dreadful deed which forced on the long-since inevitable war. Austria was all for vengeance. Germany tried to hold her back. The first pacific utterances from Berlin were perfectly genuine. She did not wish to strike for world domination before the time was fully ripe. And she felt that the time had not quite come.

Soon, however, it became apparent that the war party in Austria had the bit between their teeth. Germany, still talking of peace, began to prepare in secret and with feverish haste for war. She reconciled herself to the inevitable, and took comfort from the fact that it was really necessary to strike before the old Emperor's death, for with the passing of Francis Joseph she feared the break-up of the Austrian Empire, and that would have rendered her aim of Pan-Germanism more difficult than ever.

I mention these things merely to show the depth and strength of Germany's determination to bid for world power.

It was the ideal conceived by Bismarck when he dragged Prussia from the depths of degradation to take her belated and her most just revenge on France. It was an ideal of which Bismarck laid the foundation and Treitschke preached with flaming words throughout the length and breadth of Germany. And it was an ideal for which the Kaiser has worked for a quarter of a century with consummate daring and consummate skill.

I say this because the general impression that this war is a madman's freak is a delusion which were best dispelled.

It is foolish on the part of the English to take too small a view of the Kaiser and the Kaiser's great abilities and potentialities.

Even his religious views, which are so staggering to the English, constitute in him a real force; nor are they quite so illogical as may be imagined.

Time was when the Kaiser had no great leanings towards religion. I well remember what may be called his unregenerate days myself.

It is a well-known fact in Germany, a fact, however, which, at the time, was mentioned only in hushed whispers, that one day, about fifteen years ago, the Kaiser, in the parlance of the late General Booth found "salvation." Prior to that time the Kaiser's character, in spite of his stead-

fast purpose so far as Germany was concerned, had been of a distinctly roystering order.

In nearly every town he visited, the Kaiser had some military favourite who possessed a house to which, about once a week, the Kaiser would repair for the sole purpose of drinking beer and singing after the best—or worst—traditions of Heidelberg.

There were, too, continuous scandals of another kind, notorious at the time, but best left unmentioned now. Then, according to his own statement, God spoke to the Kaiser in the night.

It was the chuckled jest in every café at that time. Men would tell each other the story, nudging each other the while, and casting quick suspicious glances to see whether they had been overheard by one of that vast legion of spies who at that period were continually on the prowl in search of cases of *lèse-majesté.*

The Kaiser's character required a good deal of protection, and hence the ruthless steps which were taken to put a stop to unpleasant tattle of any kind and the reason why so many of the cases were heard in camera.

The situation, however, was considerably eased when the Kaiser "got religion."

With what one might almost call redoubled fury, His Majesty fell to upon his great task of

making Germany great. And God having spoken to him in the night he became absolutely convinced that the Almighty had selected him as His instrument. That is a line of thought which he has pursued ever since, and which, as I said before, may not be quite so illogical as it appears to Englishmen.

The Kaiser is, *par excellence*, a great military ruler who regards the Almighty above all things as the God of Hosts and God of Battles. He believes that in the scheme of things God has selected certain countries to do certain work, and that as the leader of the most formidable of all the nations he is entitled to regard himself as an immediate Lieutenant of the Almighty.

This is an opinion which may appear blasphemous to some, yet as a matter of cold fact, if King George were suddenly to assume a similar rôle, the English Book of Common Prayer would provide him with every justification for the step.

Hence, the Kaiser's impression that he is acting directly for the King of Kings neither astonishes nor shocks the Germans.

In England your vision of the Kaiser is very different from his vision of himself. In England you see him, largely as the *Punch* cartoonist saw him, as a blood-stained bully thrusting shivering

women and children before him and shouting, "God—and the Women—our Shield!"

In England, according to the contents bills of your papers, you visualize the Kaiser as a species of haunted soul, already paying the penalty of his follies and flying in terror from one stricken field to another. Here are some of your contents bills:

WILL(IAM)
'O THE
WISP

or again.

KAISER'S
FLIGHT
FROM
RUSSIA

or again:

WHERE
IS THE
KAISER?

These contents bills were doubtless intended to convey a satisfactory sense of the Kaiser's miserable and hunted wanderings.

I happened to return from one trip to Germany on the very day these contents bills were rejoicing London, and, though I was glad to see that the

people of London were in good fettle, I could have wished, for their sakes, that they had been a little better informed.

Remember that I had fresh in my mind the vision of the Kaiser as I had seen him a few days before, plump and comfortable, if a shade serious, as he drove down Unter den Linden amid the very hearty plaudits of his people.

I will tell you now what Germany saw and knew of the Kaiser at the time when you were led to understand that he was but a fluttering phantom chased by fear.

His Majesty had just returned from France, where he had made a prolonged and systematic tour of the lines. Everywhere—and mark you, there is no doubt of this—he had been received with enthusiasm by his troops, to whom he had delivered various addresses. From Metz he jumped back again to Aix-la-Chapelle, or, to give it its German name, Aachen, where he had addressed the garrison; thence he had proceeded to Coblenz, where he had done the same.

It is true that the German troops had fallen back from Paris and had been thrust from the Marne to the Aisne; but they were strongly entrenched, had been considerably reinforced, and were resting in comparative security and comfort.

Things, however, had not gone too well in the eastern theatre of the war. The Germans' incursion into Russia had been repulsed, and the hordes of the Czar were walking through an exhausted, battered, and shattered Austria.

For the moment it was felt that any cause for nervousness was in the east rather than in the west, and the Kaiser, moved by the fears of "his most beloved Province Prussia," made a dash across the whole length of Germany for the purpose of delivering more addresses to his troops in that quarter and of shedding the light of his presence, thereby giving proof positive of his devotion to Prussia's people and Prussia's cause.

Thus, while it was imagined in London that the Kaiser was roaming his Empire like a doomed and uneasy spirit, he was in actual fact displaying complete calm, not a little personal courage, and undoubtedly producing a vast amount of enthusiasm wheresoever he went.

Again, therefore, I would warn the English people against the evils of exaggeration born of theories to which the "wish is father to the thought." When King George went to inspect his troops at Aldershot the German papers might just as reasonably have announced "Flight of King George from London."

The German Emperor is very far from flight, and when you read such news as "Kaiser faints at war council" it will be just as well to take no account of it.

Germany has lost the first round of the war, inasmuch as she failed to smash France in three weeks before she turned to meet Russia. But Germany is by no means beaten. Germany still believes that she will win.

The check, and the possible peril, has only made the Germans close up their ranks round the Kaiser. He was never so popular, never so trusted, as he is to-day in war time. The fall of Antwerp has won for him an even greater trust and confidence than he enjoyed before.

In Germany to-day the people see in the Kaiser not only the heroic figurehead of their State, but the Overlord who is the expression of all their dreams and all their aims. He is the living embodiment of Germany's great world power. He is the master of the legions by which Germany believes her will is to be imposed upon the world.

That Germany has such unity of idea and purpose is still to a great extent unknown in England. The sooner it is known by all, the better.

To calculate the cost or endurance of a war you may put ship against ship, man against man, gun

against gun, and money against money. After all, however, it is "the man behind the gun" who is the overriding and deciding factor. That is one of your own English sayings.

Do not, therefore, for your own sakes, misunderstand or mistake the spirit of the German people at this time. Germany is not an unwilling nation being flogged to war. She has set out with the spirit of the conqueror, and she is confident that she will win. And she will pursue this object unflinchingly, with ruthlessness and cruelty and with methods of scientifically prepared and logically cultivated barbarism, of which there is already ample evidence.

That she will win in the long run, even by these means, I do not believe. But the struggle will be longer and more bitter than you think.

The great factor, which in England is strangely overlooked, or, if not completely overlooked, most ignorantly and negligently underrated, is the present spirit of the German people.

To me it is amazing that a race, commonly so well informed as the English, should be so hopelessly without knowledge on this most essential point.

This may be a harsh thing to say, but if my manner is blunt my intent is friendly.

The English will have to learn the truth on this point sooner or later, and they may learn it more unpleasantly than from a few straight words of mine.

The spirit of the German people is a mighty force which must be faced.

CHAPTER VI

THE GERMAN SPIRIT

WHAT THE KAISER SAYS TO-DAY GERMANY WILL DO TO-MORROW

If you were to ask in Germany to-day, "What is your spirit, O People?" a million voices would begin to roar "Deutschland Über Alles" (Germany over all), and a million bayonets and a million sabres would point with one united action to one lone and lofty figure—the lone and lofty figure of the Kaiser.

That is the lonely figure—draped in a long white cloak and capped with a shining helmet—over which the English correspondents made merry when His Majesty stood, solitary, upon a hill to watch his troops rolled back from Nancy.

Personally I see nothing funny in the picture. Rather to me it savours of romance; and you must remember that beneath the somewhat coarse and toughened hide of the Teuton, romance, with its sense of the picturesque, is still a potent force. One distinguished English journalist alluded with

bitter jest to that vision of the Kaiser as the Lohengrin of the hour."

Believe me, as one fresh from German soil, what the Germans saw in that picture of the Kaiser was the Lohengrin of the hour in actual fact.

And I say, as a small man without claims to prescience, that when the imperturbable historian comes to record the facts of 1914, whatever the outcome of the war, the figure of William II will loom as large and as evilly in history as did Napoleon one hundred years ago.

I tell you English people deliberately that in the Kaiser you have a new Napoleon, and in his works a new Menace.

To most of you the giant spectre of the German Menace has sprung up like a mushroom in the night. Yet in reality it has a growth of forty years.

To demonstrate its growth I must take a short plunge back into modern history. It will be a short plunge, I promise, because, like you, I am impatient to get to the blatant facts of the moment. But also, I promise you, my excursion will not be uninteresting. The Kaiser's swift career has been too dazzling for that.

For my part I go back to the beginning of this new Menace in my boyhood days. As a little boy I

went to school in Germany. I went to hospital for a fortnight as the result of German boys being unable to stomach the logic of my argument that I should, and could, beat them in detail. As a small boy I was stoned in the streets of Germany because they thought I was English.

As a small boy, because even then I had a speculative mind, I remember the arrival in Coblenz of the Kaiser as an amiable and plump-cheeked young man.

I remember that even then all Germany was asking, "What will he do?" The answer to that question then was obscured by the Kaiser's youth and lost in the shadow of the towering Bismarck.

Then came a day, a few years later, when that greatest of all cartoonists, the late Sir John Tenniel, gave to the world through *Punch* a drawing called "Dropping the Pilot."

The young Kaiser leaning over the bulwarks of the German Ship of State was looking down on Bismarck, the old and trusted statesman whom he had discarded. And, if I read it aright, there was in Bismarck's eyes the vision of Germany's doom.

It was only a cartoon, yet all the world knows of it; and after this war it will be acknowledged as a picture of greater interest and of greater

prophetic portent than any masterpiece of painting in the world.

At that date, the Kaiser was, in the words of the Kaiserin, "so sudden."

He was a man of enormous vital energy. Certainly he was a young man who rejoiced in his strength. He leaped here, there, and everywhere about his conglomerate Empire, composed as it was of four kingdoms, nigh upon a score of minor states, and three republics; for though the English man in the street may not appreciate the fact, Hamburg, Bremen, and Lübeck are republics to this day, though they call themselves "free towns."

And everywhere the German Emperor shouted at the top of his voice. And everywhere, at first, he gave offence. But then he settled down to work with the uplifting inspiration of "Deutschland Über Alles."

In England you do not realize what the Kaiser has done for Germany. They are only beginning to realize it over there. He gave them their Army as it is to-day; he gave them their Navy; he gave them a common ideal; he gave them a common teaching—"Deutschland Über Alles."

It is fifteen years ago since I went back to Germany as a young business man. And even then

the hand of the Kaiser was writ large over all things great and small.

The red-capped station-master, with his sword, at a wayside village, was the direct representation of the Kaiser's might. Every yellow mail-cart, with its black eagles, spoke of the Kaiser too.

I have gone into schools in the remotest hamlets in the Taunus hills and, whatever the pupils did not know, one thing they did know—the Kaiser.

And what did the Kaiser stand for?

"Deutschland Über Alles."

In England you have several universities of different schools of thought, more creeds than there are letters of the alphabet, and teachings beyond all calculation.

In Germany there are many creeds, more philosophies, many universities, and schools without end; but in all of them booms—even though it booms subconsciously—the thunderous note of the Kaiser—Deutschland Über Alles! Deutschland Über Alles—the Kaiser.

Now where was the Kaiser going all this time? At first even the Kaiser did not know. Germany did not know. But, through all his own doubts, the Kaiser swept Germany along with him.

"Deutschland Über Alles."

The Kaiser was a young man called to rule over

a difficult country. He had an enormous and prolific population—it has increased from nearly sixty millions to nearly seventy millions in ten years. The beginning of the trouble for the world was that Germany did not know what to do with the increase of her people. Her birth-rate exceeds her death-rate to the extent of just 1,000,000 per annum.

In the east was the Slav, and to the south the Slav and the Czech; in the west were the Latins. Across the sea was England.

And Germany grew and grew. Ten years ago I stood at night in the Friedrich-Strasse—the Piccadilly of Berlin—amid the roar of the traffic. I looked up at the towering sky-scrapers, dazzled with the blaze of electric light and listening to the rattle of the elevated railway and clang of trams. And even then I wondered whether Berlin, with its lights and noise and energy and sleepless restlessness, was more like New York than New York was like Berlin.

I was there in the heart of the New Germany—eager, pushing, and vital—with all the signs and tokens of the genius of Modernism on every side.

The old sleepy Germany of the folk-lore song and the big pipe and christmas tree and fairy tale, had gone, gone for ever.

Here was a nation big with destiny, even though its destiny might be doomed.

Now something has happened. Something so great we cannot measure it as yet.

How has it come about?

Not four months ago I sat at dinner in Frankfort with a sane and kindly old German business man. He was sufficiently old to be apologetic.

"What could we do?" he asked. "We were a great people bottled up. The Kaiser said that our future was on the water. And he meant it, and we mean it. For, just as they say in England, 'What Lancashire thinks to-day England will do to-morrow,' so we might just as well say here, 'What the Kaiser says to-day Germany will do to-morrow.'

"But you see, my friend," the old man went on, "England was in the way. She was frightened to give us room or sea-way. We took colonies and they were no good to us. We did not understand them and they rather frightened us. They seemed a long way off. And, you must remember, that after centuries of suffering Germany has come to the conclusion that only close-packed unity is strength. But we had to have outlets, we had to have fresh markets, and we want seaboard.

"So we have got to have Europe. We have trained for it and we have worked for it. It will be Belgium first and then France and then Holland and then Denmark."

"But England may object," I said.

"England?" The old man's face became twisted with passion. "England?" he cried. "England is done! She is a nation of game-playing cowards hiding behind her fleet. England, my friend! *Her* Day has come!

"England!" He rose from his chair, a portly, dignified, and grey-haired figure, and spat grossly on the floor.

He was an elderly, educated, and ordinarily mild and gentle man. His business was the manufacture of harvesting machines.

As he rose to go—and this is no German, moon-lit Christmas-cardy fairy tale—he gathered up a little parcel containing a trifle which I knew he had bought for his grandchild.

And yet, two months ago, three quarters of the population of England did not believe that the Germans hated them.

Do they hate them?

God knows how bitterly.

To show why, however, I must explain how Germany has been steadily trained to look back

to Attila for her Ideal. It has been an accursed system of education which has reincarnated the Huns, to wield all the devilish instruments of modern warfare supported by a Machiavellian "Gospel of Frightfulness" for which even Attila might have blushed.

It is a gospel false in conception and hideous in practice, but, for all that, one which will go further than you think. If Sir Galahad "fought with the strength of ten because his heart was pure," the Germans will fight with the strength of a good half-dozen because their hearts are steel-cased against all such human weaknesses as fair play or pity.

And with minds so tuned, and with hearts so cased, they will bear many trials and much defeat. Theirs is not a spirit which will crumple up at the first blow.

Matters may not be altogether well with them at present, but they are convinced that in the end they will come right. The loss of their colonies, for instance, produces but a shrug. They are still determined that the terms of peace shall be signed in London, and when those terms are signed there will be returned to them not merely the colonies they have lost, but a share of the British Dominions beyond

the seas which they look forward to with gloating.

The Gospel of Frightfulness has given to the German nation a fiendish stiffening which it will take sledge-hammer blows to smash.

CHAPTER VII

THE SCIENTIFIC HUN

THE IDEAL OF THE "GREAT BLOND BEAST"

THERE are two forms of diplomacy. There is the old diplomacy and the new diplomacy. The old diplomacy consists of endeavouring to maintain international peace by means of mystery and obscuring the truth. The new diplomacy—unluckily there is mighty little of it—consists in putting all your cards on the table and shouting the truth to the stars.

Joseph Chamberlain was the would-be archpriest and pioneer of the new diplomacy. Unfortunately for England he got but a very short way upon his road. Powers against which he could not fight dragged him back into the path where whispering is mistaken for discretion.

The diplomats and statesmen of England knew perfectly well that Germany must make war because England was in her way. But they hushed it up.

The English newspapers, with a few honourable exceptions, entered into the conspiracy of silence. If they had told the plain and simple truth during the past ten years, England would have taken measures which—though they could not have prevented the war—would at least have ended it swiftly when it came.

As a result, England is now hurriedly organizing armies when those of Germany, equipped, trained, and seasoned, are already in the field. Germany, with a set and solid purpose, has gone to war chanting "Deutschland Über Alles." A million sturdy English lads with laughing faces are crowding to the Colours—not quite knowing why—singing, "It's a long, long way to Tipperary."

Believe me, it is a longer way to Berlin.

Before, indeed, England settles down to her grim and lengthy task, it will be very necessary for her to have a thorough hatred—detestation would perhaps be a better word—of Germany and her creed.

The British troops in the field already have that righteous hate. They have had the horrid evidence of the living and the dead of Germany's "ideals."

England does not know it, but it is none the less a fact, that it is because of the difference in her

ideals and those of Germany that she is now at war.

This is not a religious age, and I am by no means writing as a religious man, but there still lurks in England—though the *Guardian* may wring its hands over picture shows on Sunday, and the *Church Times* become exceeding grave over the tendencies of the time—a certain spirit of Christianity which shapes its national and its imperial life.

At this time of day, not even an English parson will deny that English sailors and swashbucklers stole the land which makes up the British Empire. Even so, there was a certain chivalry and high-mindedness about these adventures which commended itself to the conquered. The English empire builder has invariably been a gentleman and nearly always a Christian. He may have bridged over an awkward crisis by the introduction of gin, but he has never forgotten the Bible.

The tradition of gentlemanly behaviour on the part of the English towards the people they have vanquished has born great results. You in England are proud of these results. You believe—and I believe with you—that you have behaved, and do still behave, towards all your Empire in a gentlemanly and Christian spirit.

That is not the view of the Germans. The Germans regard the English empire builder and occupier as the vilest hypocrite who has ever soiled the earth.

So convinced is the average German of the hypocrisy of the English in this respect that it has possibly done much to throw him into the arms and into the doctrines of that great anti-Christian —Nietzsche.

A few months ago the average Englishman had never heard of Nietzsche, and yet he is the greatest enemy England has ever had. Though a Pole, and a man who hated the Prussians, the Prussians ate his teaching greedily. He was the man who began the war.

Because I have mentioned the name of Nietzsche, you may think I am about to wander into the paths of German philosophy—paths which are just as obscure to the average Englishman as the pages of Shakespeare. But my words as to Nietzsche, after the manner of the English, will be straight-flung and few.

Briefly—and because I have to be brief the argument may be a little hard to master—Nietzsche preached the Gospel of the Super-Race and the Super-Man. He persuaded the Germans that they were the Super-Race and the Kaiser

has persuaded them that he is the Super-Man.

Power; Power; Power. Might; Might; Might. Force; Force; Force. This was the teaching of Nietzsche.

He taught that you must win by any means. He taught the Germans that they might employ fraud, deceit, savagery—any means indeed—so long as they won.

He admitted—indeed he gloried in the fact—that his teachings were the antithesis of those of Christ.

In the footsteps of Nietzsche there followed Treitschke—unknown to the English, but still an enemy more formidable to them perhaps than Nietzsche.

It was Treitschke who invented the Hohenzollerns as the Super-Men of Germany, and declared, in the words of an English journalist, who has had more insight into this matter than most of his colleagues, "that it was the mission of Germany to plant the Hohenzollern hoof on the neck, first of Europe, and finally of the world."

The gospel which constitutes the Faith of Germany to-day is a damnable gospel; but it has been thoroughly preached.

It has passed beyond limits even dreamed of by

its inventors. In its insistence on force, and brute force at that, it has resulted in the majority of male Germans mistaking the brute for the man. Every refinement, every delicacy of mind and of body, it has set down for degeneracy and effeminacy.

Indeed this Gospel of Brute Force and coarseness has affected, to a degree incredible in England, even the German woman.

It is always an ungracious and an unmanly task for a man to criticize a woman, and I approach this portion of my duty with considerable dislike, especially as I have received at the hand of many German ladies a kind and generous hospitality.

Therefore let me address myself to that task and put it behind me as quickly as may be, because what I have to say is not altogether complimentary.

The mild-eyed "cow-like" *hausfrau* of tradition exists no longer as a race. Always endowed with brains the German woman, when she found her "lord and master" bent on a new and bullying and arrogant and even terrible path through life, methodically adjusted herself to the new order of things and, with much pluck and strength, started out to keep pace with him.

To-day the German woman is as well, if not

better, educated than her men kind. She is no longer a dowd, but, as a whole, dresses in the most advanced, not to say *outré*, fashion. Also she is as loud-mouthed, as ill-mannered, as pushing, as brusque, and as bullying and domineering as her man. She is not only extremely strong in mind but also astonishingly powerful in physique. She has cultivated not only her wits but her body.

Yet, in spite of these attributes, domesticity remains her forte. She has raised her household to the same level of economic thoroughness and fitness as that which marks the German man's larger energies.

Moreover, and herein lies a great strength to her country, she still, in spite of modern doctrines, considers the production and rearing of children to be her first and foremost duty, not only to her husband and herself, but to the State.

She bears her children with vigour and rears them with a grim determination that they shall be strong and powerful both in mind and limb. In fact she throws into this rôle of motherhood all the animal-like virility which the doctrines of the Super-Race demand.

The net result of this outlook and practice has been to produce in modern Germany an astonishingly virile and clever people. Assisted by the

whole-hearted enthusiasm of their women the Germans have set themselves out to be strong. But they lack that necessary balance to virility and strength resultant on Christianity, and therefore stand to-day unloved and unhonoured by peoples whose ideals may prove no less triumphant because they are less brute-like.

Already one can see the evil fruits of this dangerous exaltation of the purely material and animal.

Already Germany's obsession for strength has developed into a passion for tyranny and grossness. Many of my readers will not believe me when I say that there is a class of German men to-day—particularly strong in military circles—who eat coarsely, noisily, and greedily because they are under the impression that to eat with dignity and niceness is an effeminacy peculiarly English!

This is but typical of the carefully stimulated spirit of educated bestiality in the German ranks to-day.

Nietzsche, himself a frail creature, spoke with wondering admiration of the Prussian as "the Great Blond Beast." It was a description which, curiously enough, tickled the Prussian officer's fancy. He has done his best to live up to it, and he has done his best to teach his troops to do the

same. The Prussian officer may wear a monocle and manicure his nails, but his heart is the heart of the prehistoric warrior before it was warmed and softened by the age of Chivalry.

It is an entirely artificial cult, and yet one welded to the Prussian mind with such strength and cunning that it has become a living passion.

When, therefore, your newspapers call the Prussians, Huns, your newspapers are quite right. The German troops, from the Kaiser downwards, have absorbed—almost to a man—the teaching of Attila. To them war is war. By that I mean that to the Germans, war, within certain irksome limits, must be waged with red hands and without pity.

And to these tenets must be added the Gospel of Frightfulness—a gospel which might well have shamed even the Attila of their dreams.

Let the Gospel of Frightfulness speak.

CHAPTER VIII

"THE GOSPEL OF FRIGHTFULNESS"

GERMANY'S SCHEME FOR CONQUEST BY TERRORISM

THE Gospel of Frightfulness, of which we have heard so much and of which we shall hear so much more, is no mere flight of Teutonic fancy.

When the Kaiser exhorted his troops to fashion their methods upon those of the Huns and to make themselves a blasting terror to the peoples against whom they waged war, His Majesty was indulging in no light postprandial rhetoric.

What the Kaiser said, he meant; and what he said he has said over and over again, so that now the Germans regard the Gospel of Frightfulness as a species of auxiliary and awful arm.

It may amaze you to learn that the outcry against German methods in Belgium has staggered the Germans. It may amaze you still more to know that Germans have remarked to me that the English ideas of warfare are too ludicrous for words. They laugh at the English idea of war as

a species of gentlemanly game carried on between two armies in a circumscribed area such as Salisbury Plain. To the Germans war is a necessary letting of blood in the life of nations—a species of Spartan higher-hygiene.

That the civil population of a country upon which they are making war has any rights, beyond the right to suffer, is a notion totally beyond their mental view.

The German Army, they say, does not make war upon an army but upon a people; and, as the subjection of that people is their main purpose, they use every means within their power to inoculate their victims with the ravaging microbes of deadly terror.

In England, and for that matter in America, we stand aghast at what a correspondent in the *Times* has called "the spectacle of the skeleton country of Belgium." Termonde and Louvain in Belgium, and Rheims in France, represent to us frightful orgies of murder and vandalistic destruction.

To the Germans they represent but the trifling incidents of a campaign, the greatness and glory whereof is naturally obscured to the vision of its victims.

In England you see in the resistance of Belgium

the protest of a sturdy and gallant little race against the violation of its neutrality. In Germany they see only the blind stupidity of a stubborn and inefficient people who refused to recognize that the day had come when their country must be submitted to the system and the rule of an all-conquering Germany.

And it is not too much to say that so overwhelming is the German faith in their own mission that they were really quite surprised to find that the Belgian neck was not laid meekly in the dust for the trampling of the Hohenzollern hoof.

But their surprise over, anger surged uppermost. The issue of the war is still in the balance, but if they lose, tiny Belgium by the delay she has caused them will have lost the Germans the greatest war in the history of the world.

Imagine, therefore, their mad anger.

Much just indignation has been voiced at Herr Bethmann-Hollweg's excuse that the passage through Belgium was a necessity and that "necessity knows no law."

There is a law, of course, among nations—the unwritten law of honour—which should be upheld by all.

But Germany believed—and possibly the campaign will prove her right—that the passage

through Belgium made all the difference to her between life and death.

As I have said before, Germany had to strike for what she conceived to be her destiny before the fullness of time. She made a gambler's throw in Belgium, loading her dice against the world. In the momentary panic of the plunge, the panic which every fighter experiences before the first blow is struck, Germany lost her head and lost her honour. She believed that the passage through Belgium was a necessity; and she considered that her necessity was greater than law.

Do not imagine from this that I make excuse for Germany. I merely state her case as it has been given to me.

Now, the dice which Germany had loaded for herself fell against her on the board. The Gospel of Frightfulness was her revenge.

Her hands were so fully occupied that she could not for the moment spare sufficient troops to make an orderly and decent occupation of Belgium. Therefore she set to work so to terrorize the country that the very fear of the people might secure her communications.

In this she was successful. It is useless to gainsay that. And Germany having justified to herself terrorism, and holding the Nietzschean theory

that States have no morality, we may look for her to continue the preaching of the grizzly gospel which she has so frightfully begun.

We know now, on good authority, what Germany's aim is in regard to France. She seeks to take all that territory between Rheims in the north and Lyons in the south. It is a great sweep of land which contains no fewer than fifteen millions of inhabitants; and upon these hapless fifteen millions, if she has her way, Germany will practise the Gospel of Frightfulness till they submit. From the rest of France they need not look for hope or help because, if Germany dictates peace in Paris, she will permit of no recruiting in all France for a quarter of a century to come.

This is the Gospel of Frightfulness indeed.

Perhaps it has been preached a little too vigorously in Belgium even for German purposes. Not that the vigour of its dissemination has upset the Germans themselves; but they are a shade uneasy at the horror of the rest of the world.

In fact, in a way which would only occur to the Teutonic mind, they are seeking to explain.

There is a certain Dr. Albert Moll, who is the President of the Psychological Society of Berlin, and bringing his own particular science to bear upon the subject of Belgium's agony, he advances

the delightful theory that the Belgian maimed and wounded are but a species of *malades imaginaires*, who have been hypnotized by the "mass suggestion" of the German terror into the belief that they are suffering pains and distresses which are merely figments of their "upset reasons."

"All the aspects of things must be carefully considered," says this astounding theorist, "because they have reduced the Belgian nation to a condition which can only be described as a national hypnotism."

Moll then proceeds to draw a picture of a nation of "illiterates" who have in imagination "visualized the horrors of war in their immediate proximity."

There is no truth in the statement that men and women have been murdered in cold blood; there is no truth in the frightful tales of vile outrage; there is not a particle of foundation for the outcry against burned and bludgeoned villages.

No!

All these things are the result of the vapourings of hypochondriacs!

They are lies! All lies! And, to the amazing Moll, it is "far more inexplicable in the circumstances that the Belgian Government, even at

such a moment, should seek to influence the public opinion of the world with lies."

I am but human, and therefore I trust that the generous reader will pardon me if I say that Dr. Moll leaves me too speechless for reply. After all, anything I could say would be quite unnecessary.

From the "fairy tales" of tortured lives in Belgium we come to the architectural tragedies of Louvain, Termonde, and Rheims.

But are those things tragedies? Not a bit of it. A school of professors in Germany is hard at work explaining that whatever the Germans destroy they will replace with structures of an infinitely greater beauty and solidity than the architects designed of old.

That is a threat which, taking into consideration the crimes which have been perpetrated in the name of Ecclesiastical Architecture in modern Germany, may well hypnotize the artistic mind into a paralysis of despair.

We must now return to the main theme of the Gospel of Frightfulness, which is in actual fact the Gospel of Complete Domination, backed up by Triumphant Force. It is a policy which is not merely viewed with complacency and a species of idiotic inspiration by its authors, but with elation on the part of the whole German nation.

It is a nightmare of German Might wherein no Right is to be found.

Indeed, in spite of all their mental progress they have "thrown back" strangely to the brute. We knew them to be swaggerers and braggarts. We know them now to be the bullies of the world.

But I say to the English, do not delude yourselves that every bully is a coward. There are many bullies who are not cowards; and the Germans, whatever their other vices, are extraordinarily brave.

Such then are the views, and such then are the men of Germany against whom you are fighting to-day.

They are a breed of men the like of which you do not know, and their views must of necessity be abhorrent to you.

When you English understand them you will appreciate what you have to fight and you will develop that righteous hate which you at present require to stiffen you.

And when you have braced yourselves and understand, I have no doubt that all of you—even as the Tommy from the slums is fighting to-day—will fight as gentlemen, without fear and without reproach.

In so doing you will do well. But, do you real-

ize that in the eyes of the Germans you are but so many degenerate, effeminate, lackadaisical, spiritless, amateur soldiers and cowards?

In your modest way you know that this notion is untrue. In America we know this too, and give you honour for what you have already so bravely done. In France and Belgium they also know the German theory to be false, they also rightly give you honour and will presently give you thanks. But none know it to be a greater lie than the Germans who have met you in the field.

The Germans are still far from the truth. Even now they are likening England to Rome, because you have called on some of your dark-skinned fellow-subjects from over the sea to bear you company in arms.

You think this wonderful rally from India is a sign and wonder of your strength and a record of your justness of rule and of the solidity of your Empire.

But the German thinks—his newspapers tell him so—that Britain is flogging her slaves into the firing line in a vain endeavour to save her toppling State. And Germany believes that lie from Russia to the Rhine, and from the Baltic to Berlin.

She believes that as slavishly as she believes in

the Gospel of Frightfulness. As to that I will presently give you chapter and verse.

Meantime, before I leave the present subject let me say this, lest you underrate her strength—even though Germany lose the war, she will, none the less, have been within an ace of a demoniac dominion of the earth.

CHAPTER IX

THE GERMAN ARMY

THE MIND OF THE GREAT MACHINE

I HAD designed that a no inconsiderable chapter of this little book should be devoted to the subject of the German Army; I find, however, that the German Army is so inextricably bound up with German life and German ideals, that I have dealt with it in half a dozen ways already.

We have looked into its numbers, its resources in men and food, and in a generalizing manner regarded it from many standpoints.

As for the specific facts concerning it at the present moment the newspapers deal adequately with those from day to day. The English public has a very fair estimate of its strategy, its tactics, its generalship, and its energies.

On these points, therefore, it would be waste of time to labour. But there are other matters of equal importance on which the average correspondent can have small knowledge and which therefore it would be just as well to touch on briefly.

To begin with, there is the composition of the German hosts; and there is fostered, in certain quarters, the idea that the German Army consists entirely of brutes with an instinct for drunkenness and savagery. This I will say at once is an unjust assumption.

In the same way as it is said that "every country has the Press it deserves," so it is equally incontrovertibly true that each country has the army which it breeds.

To-day the Russian troops, being England's allies, are hailed as heroes and the saviours of Europe. The newspapers are full of tales of their steadfast courage, their chivalry, and humanity.

These are qualities which I, who am acquainted with the Russian troops, know them to a very great extent to possess. But some years ago, when Russia was experiencing a serious internal crisis, and the same troops were called on to put down disorder, they were denounced as the most bloodthirsty, cruel, and licentious ruffians unhung.

Yet they were of the same breeding and the same nature and the same character as the people whom they were called upon to suppress.

In England you see in Thomas Atkins—the Thomas Atkins, at any rate, of normal times—a

jolly sort of fellow who takes his life in his hand for the sake of next to nothing a day.

In war time you see in him a patriotic and self-sacrificing hero who at his country's call leaves his wife and children without a murmur. To the Germans, Thomas Atkins is, as I have already shown from the German newspapers themselves, the lowest of the low, lurching from debauchery to bloodshed.

That this is a lie is known to you and me. On the other hand, I say without hesitation that the notion that every German soldier savours more of the brute than the man is a vast mistake.

After all, the German soldier is merely an ordinary German young man. He is a cook, or a clerk, or a baker, or a broker, as the case may be. He is just every class of society thrown into a regiment and drilled and imbued with certain ideas.

Of his officers it is another matter. They may talk of *Kultur*, but their culture is only of the sword. They represent in the flesh the German spirit of warriorship, and from the start of their career to the end of it they are taught to set all softer ideas upon one side.

It is said that General Hindenberg, now in command of the German troops against Russia,

has boasted that he never wasted an hour of his life in reading a book other than one dealing with war. That may or may not be true of this particular general. Certainly it is true of the average run of German officer.

His business is war, and it has not been his fault that he has been condemned to a long peace. He is trained for war, wants war, and is not afraid of it. He thinks war, dreams war, and lives war. War is his all in all.

He has been taught—even from his school days—certain tenets that ill accord with the English nature, but which he himself assimilates as easily as his natural food.

We have heard and read a great deal concerning the German military caste, and the Kaiser has done everything within his power to foster that caste, to see that it has increased and multiplied and remained true to its breeding and traditions.

The military caste of Prussia is the direct descendant of the robber barons of the Rhine. They are not a race which has ever thought or cared about the lives or sufferings of any people. Their business, from far back in history, was the maintenance of their rights by the sword, the subjection of the weaker, and the Gospel of Loot.

That is more or less the ideal of the Prussian

officer to-day. I have known many. Some were stupid, brutal fellows with no mind beyond soldiering. Others were perfectly charming and courteous gentlemen and well-read men of the world. But both types, however, were imbued with the conception that the German Army was not to maintain peace by inactivity, but to secure conquests by wars of aggression.

They were all impregnated with the Gospel of the Super-Race and the Super-Man with which I have already dealt.

Their views were formidable and they lived up to those views.

The idea that the Prussian officer, in peace time, lives for drink and licence has no foundation in fact. His training and the whole of his life is far too hard and too severe to permit of systematically indulging in either.

I understand that in later years the British officer's work has been increased tenfold. Even so it cannot possibly compare with the work which has to be undertaken by an officer of the German Army.

Up by five in the morning, he lives in his boots till he is thankful to go to sleep. He does not play tennis or football or cricket—because he has no time. His job is soldiering; and he is soldiering morning, noon, and night.

His whole body is as hard as nails, and that body is controlled by an iron-hard mind.

Aloof, stern, and autocratic, he has inculcated his non-commissioned officers with the necessity of treating the men beneath them in the same way.

On the other hand, the stories of officers' brutality towards their men in Germany are for the most part fiction. It is ten years since there has been any serious complaint in that respect.

To-day, on the contrary, the Prussian officer takes an interest in his men, even after they have left the ranks. He does not encourage them in games, because games are practically impossible. The man who is called to the Colours in Germany has no time for them. When he has finished his work he is too tired for them. In common with his officers he is soldiering morning, noon, and night.

On the other hand, the German soldier can rely on his officer to look after him in all things that matter in the field. The German officer may be brusque, but he is perfect in his work. He not only knows each man, but each man's kit, each man's rifle, and each man's boots. There is not one tiny item of his men's outfit and equipment to which he does not personally attend.

He knows that a boot which pinches may cost

a man his life, and, although he may not care much about the man's life as a life, he is concerned very much with the man as a living asset.

The German officer is also, whenever possible, extremely careful as to his men's food. We know that in the great but abortive dash to Paris the German commissariat broke down; but it is only fair to the German soldier to say that this was because his wonderful marching and staying power enabled him to outstrip it.

That is the only occasion on which we have heard of any breakdown in the German commissariat department. At that time, however, there were comments on the rations which were given to the German troops. Let it therefore be said that, though the British soldier is better provided for in some respects, he enjoys the same "compressed rations"—tinned meat and vegetables and so on—as are the portion of his German foe.

Now, as to the laying on of the sword on the backs of German soldiers by German officers of which we have heard so much of late. And, again, before I give the explanation of what appears to be to the English mind—and to the American mind, for that matter—a gross outrage on the dignity of the individual, I desire to make it clear that I hold no brief for the German system, but

am only desirous that the truth of the matter, and the moral effect of it, should be clearly understood.

The fault of this unpleasant business does not lie with the German officer, but with the system. The English officer leads his men from in front. The German officer, theoretically at any rate, cheers on his troops from behind. This is because of the argument that the life of an officer is more precious than the life of a private and that the more precious person should be given the greater security.

This may be all very well as a theoretical argument, but I doubt if its actual practice will prove triumphant in the long run. All that I have to point out is this, that an officer with a naked sword in his hand, behind wavering troops, would naturally apply the flat of that sword to the backs of the waverers in front of him.

Hence its application. In the German Army, at all events, it is regarded not as an insult but as a friendly spur.

Whether you English people, with your horror of such a practice, can grasp this point of view is beyond me to judge. But I tell you, as an outsider, that this is in fact the actual theory and the actual practice.

Personally I will now admit that it is neither a

theory nor a practice which commends itself to me.

It involves, too, an infinitely larger principle than is at first apparent. It is a principle as big as the difference between the whole theory of the British Empire and that of the German Empire.

It is a principle which involves the question of leadership, and whereas the whole English system is concentrated on producing leaders who can lead —in which case legions can always be found to follow them—the whole of the German system is dependent on finding men who can drive, because so long as you can find men who can drive, there are always millions in Germany who will be driven.

Herein, in a nutshell, lies the immense difference between the German and British armies in the field. And it is a difference which, to my mind, can only lead to one issue, provided the British can produce enough men to be led.

But to return from that, however, to the question of the thoroughness of the soldiering which is instilled into the German Army. Corbet had a theory that the best training for fighting was fighting. The German officer has a theory that the finest training for war is soldiering. Soldiering exercises the right spirit, the right mind, the right discipline, and the right muscles.

Since the days of the Napoleonic wars the

English Army has been a leisurely army, except when it has been seriously engaged in the Crimea or in the Indian Mutiny.

The British "Tommy" at the Front to-day admits that conditions in South Africa were a picnic as compared to the stress of Continental warfare.

I remember sixteen years ago or thereabouts, laughing over a picture in the English *Daily Graphic* of British "Tommies" playing football between hot fighting in the Tyhra campaign in Northern India. Even to-day I understand "Tommy" has taken his football with him to the Front.

This leisurely system of combining warfare with sport has been productive of the most excellent results wherever the British soldier has had to meet adversaries whom he conquered automatically. He licked them first and then taught them cricket afterwards.

But, however successful this system may have been in English wars, the German officer despises it. The German officer is a specialist and war is his only passion.

It is therefore not surprising that this spirit of thoroughness has been drilled into the German rank and file. And it is a mistake, too, to suppose that they dislike their period of soldiering. They

look forward to it even though they are glad when it is over.

And there are no Continental troops, not even excepting the French, so well educated and so intelligent as the Germans. The difference between the English and German system is that whereas in the former the individual is allowed play for his individuality, in the latter, individuality is sternly and absolutely suppressed.

It must not be imagined, however, from this that German troops walk like driven sheep to the slaughter.

The Russian troops do. They walk to slaughter in a dumb, unreasoning way, supported by a fatalistic belief in God.

The German private marches with his comrades to certain death with the knowledge that his death is necessary for the ultimate victory of his friends. He has been taught to subordinate his entire personality to the dictates of those who have a better knowledge than himself.

The German theory of attacking in mass and of pouring in, without regard to life, fresh masses until the main objective is won, is not confined to German generals. It is a theory believed in, in its entirety, by the German officers and transferred from them to their troops. The men in the front

rank of attack know that they must die, and they die cheerfully and individually because of the knowledge that it is necessary for them so to do.

Now, for a man to go bravely forth to perish for the vindication of a theory requires courage. And though the theory has been blasted by British rifle fire, the man behind the British gun admits the bravery of the men who come on to die.

This brings one to consider for a moment the whole theory of German arms. The war is not yet over. The English may teach the Germans that their theory is wrong. Of one thing I am convinced, that but for the English, the Germans would have proved their theory to be right.

But the Germans, though they will not discard a theory, can adapt it. Already there are signs that, just as your men learned to take cover during the Boer War, so the Germans are learning to take cover now.

And, looking at the matter purely from the point of view of theory, I believe that the Germans are wrong to abandon their original idea. The German soldier is brave enough when he is supported by the solidified theory of his chiefs in the shape of masses of troops behind him, before him, and on either side of him.

It is a theory several decades old and has had its due psychological results.

It seems to me, from the German point of view, that it is a mistake to abandon this theory now. It is not in the history, not in the traditions, not in the breeding, not in the training, not in the habits of the German soldier to think or act alone. The driving power of the intangible war machine behind him alone lends him valour.

The moment he is detached he is not merely lost but seems to suffer complete mental, moral, and physical collapse. He is brave enough in a crowd, even though the crowd is doomed to destruction. Separated or detached, isolated from the "mass suggestion" which is his strength, he becomes, through no fault of his own, a pitiable and resourceless coward.

Before the war a certain well-known military writer, who hides his identity under the *nom de guerre* of "En Avant," wrote that as a scout or patrol the German cavalryman was beneath contempt.

He is.

And he is, simply because he is alone. He is cut off from the brains on which he has been accustomed to rely.

The English "Tommy," therefore, is fighting

an army which represents not so much an aggregate of individuals as a colossal machine.

And machines go wrong.

The German Army machine has already gone wrong in many respects. The theory that the enemy must be terrorized has already been badly applied. I trust it will not be said that I am unreasonably excusing the German troops when I say that when various charges of murder and outrage are investigated, it will be found that those responsible for them were detached and isolated units. If the German Army massacres, it massacres systematically and scientifically. It has indeed no pity for its own wrong-doers who err in a small way.

On the other hand, just as the individual German soldier goes to pieces, so the isolated sections of the German Army become utterly demoralized.

The moment a section of the German Army finds itself out of touch with the support of the iron discipline behind it, it abandons itself to despair and indulges in the recklessness born of desperation. It is this, I am convinced, which accounts for the tales of drunken orgies perpetrated by regiments or even brigades, detached from the Army as a whole. Such conduct would meet, in the ordinary course of routine, with the

most dire and dreadful punishment if the main authorities were at hand. Sobriety is more strictly enforced in the German Army than in any other.

Such, then, is the army with which the Britons have to deal to-day, and when—I admit that it is putting the matter somewhat callously—there are a million Englishmen in arms against the German hosts, there will arise the most interesting combat of all time.

It will be a battle of individuals against a human machine, and the task of the English will be to break up the members of that machine one by one. For you can make up your minds to this, that though you may smash up the different cranks and cogs in it you will never smash its brain.

It will be a long fight and a stern fight, for the German Army is a big machine to smash, but the incorrigible cheerfulness and resource of the individual English soldier will break it in the long run, I believe.

I have only dealt at such length and with such insistence on the toughness of the task, because, in my small way, I want, if I can, to convince the British public still at home what the British troops already know in France—that they have a foeman worthy of their steel.

CHAPTER X

THE GERMAN NAVY

HOW THE GREAT BLOW MAY BE DEALT AT ENGLAND

It is a matter of extreme difficulty to give any new or reliable information as to the German Navy and its intentions.

The reason for this is that throughout the war, with the exception of exultant whoops over the now famous exploit of the U–9, the German Press has been reticent to a degree on all things concerning its Navy.

This is in main due to the strict silence on naval affairs which has been ordered and enforced by the authorities, to whom alone is known Germany's naval plan of campaign.

There is, however, firmly implanted in the German mind the conviction that when the German Navy strikes it will do so in conjunction with their military forces and their Zeppelins.

The plain meaning of this is that when the German Navy issues from the impenetrable re-

cesses of the Baltic and the security of the Kiel Canal, it will be for the express purpose of playing a great part in a concerted action for the invasion of England.

How that can be contrived is a matter for the Germans to devise. The popular conception of the scheme is that the German High Seas Fleet will do its best to annihilate the British Grand Fleet, while older ships are to convoy the transports bearing troops to England.

That is a plausible theory, and in all probability the accurate one, and explains the determined German efforts to secure a "jumping-off" place nearer and more convenient than their own coast.

Before this chapter was written the Germans were already at Ostend, and the line of battle on land had practically been joined from Switzerland to the Channel coast.

There is, indeed, every evidence that the climax of the war is approaching, and, as that climax draws near, so is there the greater prospect of a blow at England being struck.

It may be imagined in England that Germany cannot detach a sufficient army for that purpose. That, however, is not the view in Germany.

There they argue that practically every English fighting man of any value is now locked up either

in France or Belgium, and that if a German force of three or even two army corps could be landed on English soil the capitulation of England would be certain.

Be that as it may, having regard to the absolutely unmoved and calculating manner in which German generals sacrifice their troops to secure a given objective, they certainly would not hesitate to risk the loss of one hundred thousand or even two hundred thousand men provided they could effect a landing on the English coast.

It would also be unwise for the English to underestimate the carrying capacity of ships still under the German flag and at their immediate command.

They have, indeed, far more transports in waiting than are necessary to their requirements.

How this tremendous excursion will be carried out it is none the less difficult to see. The German idea is that it would in part be covered by their giant howitzers on the coast, by Zeppelins from above, and by submarines from beneath.

Now, given the knowledge of the point at which the Germans hope to land, the English have, I imagine, ample means to foil the attack.

That knowledge, however, is by no means certain, and in the meantime, from the German

point of view, the German Navy has the British Fleet at a strategic disadvantage.

The reasons by which it encourages and comforts itself in this direction are as follows:

The preponderance of the British Fleet is not, in actual fact, so very great, and that margin is still further reduced when one considers the great length of the British coasts and the ceaseless vigil which must be kept at every point.

The strategy of the German Fleet at the present moment may appear to the English inglorious, but, nevertheless, it is a strategy, from the German point of view, both sound and successful.

To all intents and purposes it has mined itself in. It is inaccessible even to the most determined and reckless attacks, and the fact that the British Navy has no ships to spare renders such attacks improbable in spite of Mr. Winston Churchill's threat that if the German Fleet would not come out and fight, "it would be dug out like a rat from a hole."

Another point on which the Germans comfort themselves is that whereas the wear and tear of British ships, throughout this period of watch and ward in the North Sea, is very great, and the strain on the personnel almost unbearable, the

German Fleet is comparatively free from wear and tear and strain of this kind.

They believe, indeed, that a few more successful submarine attacks will give the British Fleet a bad dose of nerves. Already they are jeering at it for its strategical impotence.

All this, however, is so much theory which has to be put to the ultimate test of gun-fire; and of the British gun-fire, boast they never so loudly, the Germans go in mortal fear.

They also dread any prolonged or exacting manœuvres in the open sea, because they cannot, with the officers and men at their disposal, properly work or fight their ships.

The Germans believe that in their ships they have produced the most powerful and scientific fighting craft of modern times.

They believe them in this respect to be equal to the British. They have, indeed, bent all their energies upon perfecting mechanical detail to counteract what they know is their inferiority in personnel.

And while Mr. Churchill has assured the English people that the British Fleet will shortly be strengthened, it must not be forgotten that the German Fleet, too, will shortly receive an enormous addition in the shape of the three new battle-

ships, the *Grosser Kurfürst*, the *Markgraf*, and the *König*, all of which have a displacement of twenty-six thousand tons and carry ten twelve-inch guns.

Even so, these ships may to a certain extent be white elephants, inasmuch as the Germans are already hard put to it to find efficient complements of officers and men for the vessels already in commission.

They will have to beat up the last officer and the last man in billets ashore; and the officers in billets ashore at present are those who have been relegated to land service for short-comings at sea. The men, too, will mainly consist of reservists who have only done their three years' compulsory service in the past, and who, when they are dragged back from the land, will know very little of modern fighting ships.

It is an axiom among British naval men that it takes a month to learn your ship, so that these three Leviathans need not be taken into serious account as yet.

On the other hand, the Germans have a stupendous pride and a stupendous confidence in their Fleet.

To them it is an almost inconceivable wonder that it should exist at all, and an even greater wonder that it should have reached such dimen-

sions and such strength that it can hope, with a fair measure of justification, to grapple with the British Navy.

Yet, in spite of the devotion and popular appreciation with which the German Fleet has been built and put into commission, there is in German minds more than a lurking suspicion of the quality of the German seamen.

That some of them are extremely fine and able men there is no doubt. But the German seaboard is a short seaboard, and Germany's resources on sea-bred men are small. The German is not a born sailor, and that is a point on which the German Press has been discreetly quiet.

Hence the general idea—a general idea born of tacit and mutual understanding throughout Germany—that when the struggle comes at sea it will be short and sharp. She will stake all on one stupendous, smashing blow. It will be a blow prepared with the utmost shrewdness and delivered with every ounce of force which can be extracted from man and ship and gun, backed by every military aid which can be given, and supported by that still theoretical quantity, with which I shall deal directly, the Zeppelin fleet.

Fortunately for England, Germany is not very happy in her naval commanders just at present.

Von Tirpitz, of course, is still the brains of the German Admiralty, but the man in fighting command of the High Seas Fleet is Admiral Von Ingenohl, in whom neither officers nor men have much confidence.

Von Pohl, whom the Germans consider the best and cleverest of their admirals, was relegated to Berlin because he chanced to incur the rather pettish displeasure of the Kaiser.

These are perhaps details. The essential fact is that it is known in Germany that a great blow will be struck at England and that every day brings the falling of that blow nearer.

And Germany will not be hurried into striking it. She believes that time is on her side, and that the longer she waits the more the British Fleet will be demoralized by the waiting.

That is probably a point of view which would be laughed to scorn both by British officers and men. I have in mind the cartoon in *Punch* showing a British tar standing by his gun and looking out over the storm-tossed North Sea, while he sings, to the air of *Tipperary*, "It's a long, long wait for William's Navy, but my heart's right there."

It will have need to be, for throughout this war it must be remembered that a death-blow,

straight at England's heart, is the darling aim of Germany, and that when it comes it will be struck with a desperate passion, a vicious hatred, and a reckless courage which you have yet to learn.

For my part, I believe that England's "sure shield" will turn that blow aside, and you may gather comfort from the thought that, having struck once in this wise, Germany cannot strike again.

CHAPTER XI

ZEPPELINS

IS AN AËRIAL INVASION POSSIBLE?

If my words in regard to the German Navy have been grave, I trust that what I have to say in respect of Zeppelins will be correspondingly encouraging to the English reader.

I do not suppose there have ever been so many delusions in regard to anything in the world, as the delusions which are shared in common by the public of England and Germany in the matter of Zeppelins.

In the Zeppelins the Germans believe they have a mighty force which will possibly be the deciding factor in the war. They have been carefully encouraged in this belief by the speeches of those in high authority, by the fervid eulogies of their Press, and by other carefully calculated methods of "booming."

To read the almost insane ravings of the German newspapers over the Zeppelin raid at Ostend, one

would imagine that there had been born a new terror capable of shattering the entire earth.

Speaking from memory, I believe that apart from a few damaged buildings the total German "bag" at Ostend was one dog. But, according to the German newspapers, the havoc caused to the morale of the Belgians was beyond calculation.

The tremendous explosives which were dropped seem, however, to have been responsible for a great deal more noise than destruction; and in considering all these things it is just as well to bear in mind that the Germans attach great importance to noise and to what some of their psychological professors term the resultant "mass suggestion."

Now, being fairly well acquainted with the temperament of the average Londoner, I am not at all apprehensive as to the effects of this "mass suggestion" on the London population should a Zeppelin succeed in plumping explosives into England's capital.

As for a concerted Zeppelin raid on London, I do not believe that the German authorities have sufficient faith in their air-craft to risk a fiasco of such dimensions that all future dread of Zeppelins would be drowned in laughter.

This, however, does not in the least interfere

with my firm conviction that the Zeppelins will be used, and used to the utmost of their capacity, when the German Navy and the German Army make their eventual attack on England.

Then the Zeppelins would serve distinctly useful purposes. They would assist in the covering of transports; and the presence of even half a dozen of them over London during a crisis, when the utmost coolness and the maintenance of mechanical means of communication were vitally urgent, might produce both a moral and material chaos fraught with grave results.

England will probably receive ample warning—even though it may be a warning of but a few days or hours—of Germany's intended descent. Even so those in London should not question for a moment the wisdom of their authorities in exercising the most rigorous censorship over their lights at night. It is quite possible—indeed, more than likely—that before the German Armada of the Air sets sail on its final voyage, there will be isolated raids by single air-ships, or aeroplanes, for the purpose of discovering the lie of the land and the taking of observations which would considerably assist the German commander in piloting the German Air Fleet to its final doom.

Before, however, I proceed to deal with Ger-

many's belief in the practicability of the invasion of England *via* the air, there are several matters which should be made clear in regard to Germany's aërial resources.

There is an impression in England that Germany's air-ships are all Zeppelins and that they number, even now, anywhere from forty to seventy. This is an uncomfortable belief which may at once be dispelled. The last Zeppelin that I know of to be put into commission was numbered 26, and, as these craft are identified in progressive numbers, and I can account for about a dozen which have either been scrapped or have met with disaster, my estimate of the number of Zeppelins available in Germany at the beginning of the war is fourteen.

Six of these have certainly been destroyed since the war began, so that there cannot be more than eight available for military purposes. Also, at the beginning of the war, there were, so far as I know, only another four in the course of construction. There may conceivably have been others, but, though you may hide the building of an aeroplane, you cannot very conveniently smother the construction of a Zeppelin.

Germany, therefore, so far as I can judge, cannot have more than a dozen Zeppelins available

at the present moment, and as it takes at the very least four months to construct such an air-ship, and as her means of turning them out are still limited, she cannot have many more for some months to come.

On the other hand, there are quite a number of minor air-ships which, though not fit for long cruises, in the ordinary course of events, might be risked on a big stake. Of these there are about a dozen Parsevals, which are of the non-rigid type, and perhaps half a dozen of the semi-rigid Gross ships.

To these may be added, perhaps, a couple of Schutte-Lanz air-ships, also of a rigid type, but poor things as compared with the Zeppelin.

It must, however, be remembered, that of this fleet some of the ships must necessarily be detached for coast patrol work, some must be kept for work in France, and some must be detailed for Russia.

Supposing, therefore, that by Christmas-time Germany were to concentrate all her available aërial fleet for the invasion of England, she would, I think, be in an extremely fortunate position if she could muster thirty air-ships all told.

And of these only the Zeppelins—sixteen or at the very outside twenty—could do any appreciable damage.

A Parseval, for instance, by the time it has been loaded with stores, petrol, etc., for a long voyage, cannot carry more than from 15 cwt. to a ton of explosives.

Now, the next point to be considered is whether this fleet would ever get here. Some of the air-ships might, but certainly not all.

The difficulty of timing their concentration over the English coast, or London, would be very great. An air-ship cannot be taken to pieces, transported by rail, and reconstructed and inflated at a convenient base. It may be taken that where an air-ship is docked, there must her voyage begin. And unless the Allies can be beaten back, the Germans will be very chary of exposing their air-ships while in dock to the attacks of French or British aeroplanes. The wonderful Air Park, described by the prophetic genius of Mr. H. G. Wells in the *War in the Air*, is a magnificent impossibility during this present war. The more the German air-ships are concentrated the greater will be their peril from attack and destruction.

No, when the ships of Germany's Air Fleet set sail they will have to do so from widely separated points—points which, if the Allies make headway, will become more and more distant from England. And, having set sail, they will have to

make straight for their destination and strike their blow without a halt. The one thing which even the most expert commander of a Zeppelin cannot compass with any degree of safety is a bivouac for the night.

Further, the more the winter draws on the more difficult will their mission become.

Even the Zeppelins cannot be steered with very great accuracy across the level and comparatively windless plains of Germany. When they have to face all the shifting winds and currents of the upper air above the Channel and sea-girt England, their Admiral will be practically in the position of the navigator taking his ship through an uncharted sea.

That the time will be chosen to the best of the power of the German meteorological experts goes without saying. But "the wind bloweth where it listeth," and the North Sea and the Channel both have a habit of contracting unexpected and violent gales. One unexpected gale will scatter and break the German Armada of the Air as pitilessly as the seas scattered and broke Spain's Armada long ago.

It is just possible that the German Air Admiral might be so bold as to select a fog to cover his purpose; but that would be a step leading both

ways. It is true that it would obscure the air-ships as target for English guns, but, on the other hand, it would probably result in the various commanders hopelessly losing their bearings.

Again, it need not be imagined that England is without defence against the attacks of this air fleet. In the matter of its defence the English authorities have been very secret, but perhaps I may be permitted to say very thorough.

And just as in the days of Elizabeth the little ships of Drake and Frobisher got to the windward of their lumbering opponents and then pounced on them, so would a squadron of English aeroplanes leap into the upper air to pounce upon the vulnerable and flabby flanks of the gas-inflated enemy.

Even well-directed rifle-fire can bring the vaunted Zeppelins down, and to secure any accuracy of aim themselves the air-ships must descend to an altitude which brings them well within the range of modern guns. The English soldiers know this in France and laugh at the Zeppelins to-day.

So far, indeed, as such craft are concerned, I think that the British public may sleep fairly comfortably in their beds.

The great thing is to discount so far as possible, by reason supported by scepticism, the terrorizing

tales of the Zeppelin's worth and doughty prowess which are so brilliantly "press-agented" in Germany.

Tall talk never broke any bones, and the Germans are doing a deal of tall talk at the present moment to hide the defects in their monster pets which have been detected by the test of war. And the truth on this point being known, I cannot conceive that the British imagination is likely to be terrified by methods of German "mass suggestion."

The Zeppelins, I believe, are comparatively negligible quantities. What are far more to be dreaded are isolated raids by Taube aeroplanes from convenient bases on the French or Belgian coast.

The result of such raids, however, is a matter on which it were useless to speculate. The English will probably know how to deal with such marauders when they come.

CHAPTER XII

THE GERMAN PRESS

REVELATIONS OF A CAMPAIGN OF WHICH ENGLAND WOULD BE INCAPABLE

I HAVE come thus far upon my way relying upon facts as I know them to be, and drawing upon my recollections and experiences of Germany through many years to "point my moral and adorn my tale."

Pursuing a simple purpose in a simple way I have felt it unnecessary to have recourse to high authorities to substantiate my facts at every turn. But now, as I am drawing to the close of my task, I should like to prove all that I have said as to Germany's point of view, out of the mouths of the Germans themselves.

It is as unneedful as it would be tiresome, to reproduce at any length the volcanic stream of vituperation against England which has marked and degraded the German Press since the beginning of the war.

I will content myself with giving a few lines to

confirm every point upon which I have touched. And I trust that when the English reader has tasted this brew of the Teutonic venom against England he will realize to the full the bitterness of spirit and the intense hatred which animate the whole of Germany against his country.

That hatred of England is tersely expressed in the *Nineteenth Century* by Brigadier-General F. G. Stone, when he says: "Let no one for an instant deceive himself with the idea that any man, woman, or child with German blood in his veins has ever had a kindly thought for England and the English people at any time in the present century."

That is the dictum of an Englishman, and no one can doubt him who listens for a moment to the Germans themselves as to the manner in which they regard the British Empire and the English.

The *Kölnische Zeitung*, which in Germany occupies a position analogous to that of *The Times* in England, must dispel, in the following passage, any lingering doubt as to the motive of all German preparations for the present war.

> What is war [it says], if it is not the destruction of the enemy? What is Britain's aim? Our destruction. What are we fighting for? Britain's

> destruction. For Frenchmen and Russians we can cherish pity though we may be angry with them. Our deep hatred is for England alone. . . . What is this war itself but the outcome only of British cunning, British lying, British hypocrisy and cant, and Britain's blackest treachery. No means can be too unholy to employ to combat this hideous octopus whose tentacles have too long encircled the People of the World and prevented them from drawing the breath of life.

That, coming from what is practically the Government organ of Germany, should settle once and for all the delusion that Germany ever loved you.

As to the manner in which Germany regards the British Empire I must first cite the *Abendpost* of Berlin, which, commonly a staid and serious newspaper, speaks thus of the French and the English:

> The French is a race which is doomed to perdition. In another five decades there will be no more Frenchmen. As for the British Empire, an Empire built up of cards on a crazy foundation of deceit, it is even now tottering to its fall.

This outburst, it should be explained, is not exceptional. It is indeed but symptomatic of the whole attitude of the German Press. There is, for example, the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, which

alludes to the British as "those despicable people which exist on lies and thrive on deceit."

It goes on to say:

> That the British were liars, that they were the pirates of the world, has been known for ages though none dared openly to say so.
>
> How much longer will the world allow itself to be duped and coerced by these people to whom honour is a thing unknown?

Then, there is the *Kölnische Volkszeitung*, which speaks of the English as the "Judas of the Germanic race," and the *Taegliche Rundschau*, which has even worse views of the English character and temperament.

> It would be equally sensible [it says], for Germany to live among tigers, leopards, and foxes as to allow themselves any longer, in an age of alleged culture, to be made the victim and the butt of murderers, robbers, and scoundrels who, with the arch-scoundrel, Britain, at their head, have for years held their traitorous dagger pointed at the heart of German civilization.

This is sufficient for the day to show the spirit thereof in Germany towards what they conceive to be the character of the English. Now let us, just for a moment, contemplate the German idea of the nature and composition of the British Empire.

In so doing, however, you must remember the fury of Germany's rage that your system of Empire has stood the trial of ordeal by war.

I have no wish to chide those English who have been alarmists in the past. Many of them have done more good than you can quite realize at present by the raising of "scares." I would, however, just mention that there have been certain Jeremiahs among you who have prophesied appalling calamities should war befall.

They have foreseen Canada and Australia "cutting the painter"; a newly constituted South Africa, born out of bloodshed, breaking out into general rebellion; and India, seething with sedition, repeating the horrors of the Mutiny, not to mention a populace at home panic-stricken and starving, tearing down in civil strife the last props of your structure of Empire.

Mercifully, the Jeremiahs have been false prophets.

Speaking as an outsider, I have no hesitation in saying that the present awful test of your Empire's homogeneity, has not merely proved its strength, but even produced strength where weakness was supposed to exist.

All the world—all the world, that is to say, except Germany—knows now that the Freedom

you said your Empire enjoyed was a real Freedom, and that your Rule was a just Rule.

Not otherwise—and we know that better in the United States than elsewhere—could there have been such unity of purpose when the Day dawned which was to prove the British Empire solid beyond human power to destroy, or the hollowest of hollow shams.

Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, aye, and India, stepped forward as one man. These countries—one had almost said these continents—realized in a flash that if England fell, then they lost that Freedom which was the most precious of all their gods.

It is that, more than aught else beside, which has driven the Germans to such bitterness. They discovered with a shock that the world was not pining to be released from what they called the "English Yoke."

Nothing, therefore, has been too vile for them to say of the British Empire and its citizens. One or two quotations from the German Press will suffice to place on record their hysteria and their spleen.

Here, for example, is the *Vossische Zeitung:*

> What a great object lesson to the world it will be; what a still greater one to the various races of

the people of the British Empire; this spectacle of helpless Britain, as a last resource, shrieking for the help of Indians, of black men, brown men, and yellow, of Canadians and Antipodians, against practically one sole adversary.

It is, however, against India that Germany is in particular incensed. Thus is placed on record Germany's opinions of the Indians, and, if it reaches India, it will surely do Germany no great good.

Here is a typically vicious passage:

Britain is now bringing hordes of yellow and black and brown scum into the field against white men. This is a measure that affects not German interests alone, but the prestige and reputation of the whole white race. . . . All that, however, is but nothing for the traitor Britain; they must needs import a troop of semi-barbarian wretches and of absolutely unadulterated barbarians, to hurl at the head of one of the foremost peoples of Europe.

Here, too, is the opinion of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*—the organ of the great financial groups—on the subject of your Indian troops.

The Indian warriors whom they are sending to fight us were really removed from India to prevent their participating in the coming rebellion and lending it their military support. But even the best of the Indian troops will not stand for a moment against our artillery.

On another occasion the *Frankfurter Zeitung* said:

> Germany and Austria have now to defend the whole of Europe against the barbaric hordes of Africa and Asia. The Powers of the Triple Entente are taking refuge, like ancient Rome, behind legions of savages.

Great Britain's allies, the Japanese, also come in for castigation.

Seeking to show that Great Britain is the arch-enemy of the entire white race, the *Tageblatt* says:

> This much has been proved by her criminal association with the heathen Japanese, who are really bound on a Crusade against Christianity and Christian culture.

However, a coloured race is only detestable to Germany so long as it is allied to, or bears the arms of, Britain. If it can be suspected of harbouring seditious notions it is a most admirable people indeed. And, rather illogically, after its fierce denunciation of the perils to which Great Britain is exposing the white races, Germany desires to replace England as the Protector and Friend of Eastern peoples.

Upon this matter we have the words of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, which says:

> The light of hope again dawns in the East. German hearts so sorely tried in this unrighteous

> war, which we owe chiefly to the machinations of the English, take courage in the portents of the land of the Pharaohs. . . . Before long Germany will be enabled to welcome other champions in the field—the dusky sons of the East whose creeds and whose customs have been too long held in contempt by the swaggering oppressor. German hearts need not fear. The whole world is gradually arraying itself on the side of German justice and equity.

This is pretty reading, and some idea of the German sense of "justice and equity," at any rate, so far as the English are concerned, may be gathered from the way in which her responsible organs deal with Kitchener's appeal for a million men and the magnificent response it has met with in England.

Speaking of this, our old friend the *Frankfurter Zeitung* says:

> These six hundred thousand men are a British bluff which imposes upon nobody who has even a superficial knowledge of the difficulties of defence organization.

That there are some recruits, however, is admitted by the *Posener Tageblatt*, which draws the following harrowing picture of the methods by which England's new force is being raised.

> Already [it says], so many thousands of these miserable wretches have been dragged away from

> their slum hovels, that every day more drinking shops in Whitechapel and the Borough are putting up their shutters, for they have lost their best customers. And it is these beer- and gin-sodden youths, now being hurried by Kitchener to the slaughter, that are to save the British Empire from the onslaughts of doughty German warriors, beside whom the Roman Legions can only be considered children for bravery and military skill.

This is so gross and so vile a libel on the lads of Kitchener's Army, whom I have seen marching through the streets, that I feel, as an American, that I almost owe the English public an apology for reproducing it. I do so, however, only to prove how utterly warped are the German's views of England. And that said, I may perhaps be excused, if I also give the following passage from the *Magdeburger Zeitung*.

> Bread riots of a formidable character have occurred in nearly all the large towns of the Midlands. Bakeries and general shops were stormed and their contents scattered about the streets, where, subsequently, they were scrambled for by the half-starving crowds.
>
> These mostly consisted of cripples, aged persons and children, nearly every able-bodied man in the locality having been pressed into the Army while under the influence of drugged liquor. To such a pass has wealthy, comfortable Britain been driven by the arch-criminal Grey and his satellites who

aided him in starting this piratical campaign against cultured Germany.

Indeed, according to the German Press, England is altogether in a bad way. Here is a distressing picture of your people and their mode of life from no less a journal than the *Berliner Boersen Courier:*

> The average Englishman's knowledge is practically nil. Of geography he has but little conception, less still of continental politics, and, as for grasping such a thing as military technique, his capability is that of an infant in arms.
>
> He possesses neither knowledge, mental training, nor imagination. He is badly fed, and digests what he eats amid pitiful surroundings. In the end even the British will not be able to support the horrors of the so-called British cooking.

This shocking state of affairs, however, will soon be altered when the Germans arrive. They have quite made up their minds to reform you. Whether their scheme of reformation as set out by the *Boersen Courier* will be pleasing to you or not I do not know; but here is the ideal:

> We shall teach the Londoner many things before long when we are at home in his capital. We shall show him how to live, how to eat, and last, but not least, how to amuse himself. We shall wean him from his music-halls and his prize fights and give him a taste of German recreation.

> We admit [the *Boersen Courier* continues with touching modesty] that the task is as difficult as it is noble, but we Germans, on whom the responsibility has been placed as the chosen sower of the seed of true culture, are not the folk for shirking.

Worse, however, is to befall you than this. Even your language is to be taken from you. The *Deutsche Tageszeitung* will have none of it.

> English [it says], the bastard tongue of the canting island pirates, must be swept from the place it has usurped and forced back into the remotest corners of Britain until it has returned to its original elements, those of an insignificant pirate dialect. Otherwise the culture of mankind will stand before a closed door and the death knell sound for civilization.

I do not suppose it is necessary, but even so I might emphasize the point, that the above is written in a serious spirit. This mention of culture, too, brings me by an easy stage to the tragedies of Louvain and Rheims. And that the Germans are unrepentant of the evils that they did in these ancient cities is as obvious as the fact that they consider that it is only German culture which matters.

Herewith I give the furious retort of the *Deutsche Tageszeitung* to those who call the Germans "Huns" for their vandalism:

What has, however, made the blood rush to German faces is the melancholy fact that the German answer did not take the form of a flaming protest, a fierce "Shut up your dirty snout," and that, instead, an attempt was made to apologize for the German commandant before Rheims for what was merely an act of self-defence. The only dignified German answer that should have been vouchsafed to the vile crew who hoisted a lying white flag on the steeple of a building behind which they were shielding their artillery should have been the shelling of this splendid fane until not one stone of it was left upon another.

Hear, too, what this gentle Apostle of German culture has to say of the fate awaiting London:

And now one word more, you super-refined gentlemen, you adorers of the beautiful and the æsthetic! When at length the day dawns on which, in good business-like fashion we shall close the accounts for this world-war in the very centre of the hucksters' market-place, the spectacle of Westminster, of the cathedral of St. Paul, of the Tower, or of any of your treasured monuments, will not deter us for a moment in the execution to the full of the military duty imposed on us, though you may loudly proclaim to heaven that the capital, with its military encampments and headquarters, its coast and harbour defences, is an open city. Your hypocrisy, so long your principal weapon, shall avail you no more.

This, I am thankful to say, brings me to the

end of my task of reviewing the situation through German eyes, and, unpleasant as the task has been, I trust that at least it will have convinced my readers that my estimate of German bitterness and hatred for England has been in no way exaggerated.

I should like, however, before leaving this subject to be permitted to indulge in a Parthian shot by quoting the following from the *Vossische Zeitung:*

> Woe to thee, Britain; thy measure is full, as full as the vial of German wrath and bitterest contempt which before long will burst over you in a rushing lava torrent of hatred.

That is a passage which I should imagine was never equalled even in the grotesque pages of the *Eatanswill Gazette.*

I have not hesitated to point out what I consider to be strengths in Germany that you English people were inclined to overlook or to ignore.

I have, therefore, the greater satisfaction in acknowledging to you a great strength which Germany does not possess. I mean the accuracy and calm and reasonable judgment of your Press. It is inconceivable that an English newspaper, even of the meanest fibre, could have published such disgusting and contemptible nonsense as the extracts which I have given above.

And, as it has been said that "each country enjoys the Press which it deserves," you may take great comfort from this fact.

In the midst of many grave trials you have at least retained your dignity.

CHAPTER XIII

CAN ENGLAND WIN?

GREATNESS OF HER TASK BY LAND AND SEA

Now that my goal is within sight I presume that I may claim the privilege of all travellers and turn for a moment to look back along the road by which I have come.

I see, in that glance, that I have done what I said I was prepared to do. I have spoken the plain truth from the point of view of an outsider. I have done my best to make clear to the English wherein I believe their strength to lie, but, at the same time, I have not hesitated to warn them of so-far unsuspected strengths in Germany.

I perceive, too, that whereas I began in a purely cold and abstract spirit, I have continuously warmed towards the cause of the English. From the beginning, I said I thought their Ideals the better Ideals, and their Way the better Way. And the very marshalling of the facts I have had to present has convinced me that my first impression

was right. Even so, I am not to be prevented from still uttering plain truths which may grate on English ears.

The question to be faced now is—Can the English win?

I think so.

I believe so, in spite of the fact that it is not always right which triumphs.

There was written somewhere the other day—I regret that I cannot remember where, for it was very finely put—an article on the subject of War and Religion.

It showed that in a great crisis, such as this, the peoples concerned instinctively reverted to a simpler Faith and, believing in the justice of their cause, commended their arms to the blessing of the Almighty. But this is a common instinct. It is as great to-day in Germany as it is in England. And with all due respect to the English, I must mention that the prerogative of invoking the Almighty is not theirs alone.

God—the Unknown Power towards whom stricken nations still turn even in these atheistic times—works in mysterious ways. And, though the human heart may believe that Truth and Justice must prevail, yet History is not altogether a perjured witness to the fact that victory has

often lain with the big battalions possessing neither of these virtues.

After all, the matter is largely a question of ideals, and national ideals are built up by unity of auto-suggestion.

The English have convinced themselves that their cause is right; the Germans have convinced themselves that their cause is right; and it is, curiously enough, a question which can only be settled, not by logic, but by the sword.

It will be noticed that I speak of the English and the Germans, paying no heed to either the French or to the Russians.

This is as it must be.

If I were an Englishman it would be a base disloyalty and a hideous ingratitude on my part to criticize either of England's great Allies.

As an outsider, however, I am privileged to say that in this struggle England must rely upon herself.

The French have fought with a courage that is magnificent and with a staying power which even they themselves did not know that they possessed. But capacity for fighting and for resistance on the part of the French does not in reality enter into the ultimate issue of this conflict.

The English must be prepared to end it by

themselves. This, I think, is a knowledge which is slowly dawning on your country. And the more you return to the old and better doctrine of "Splendid Isolation," unfettered by "Ententes," the better for you.

It was rather distressing to me at the beginning of the campaign to hear how much the English hung upon the action of the Russians.

The Russians are a great people whose day is not yet. They have a country equal to, if not exceeding in area, the scattered possessions of the British Empire. It is undeveloped, one might almost say undiscovered; and its development and its discovery will keep the Russians busy for many years. That and the welding together of the Slavonic races.

Such is their immediate Ideal; and Russia will pursue her own calm way unhampered by consideration for others. You had an impression in England that Russia's immediate goal was Berlin, and that, having mobilized her millions, she would proceed to pass like a "steam-roller" over Prussia.

That would have been very satisfactory from the point of view of England and France. But Russia has no such aim in view. She is playing for her own hand in her own way. And I say, deliberately,

that she does not care one jot or tittle whether she relieves the pressure in France or not.

Her first and pressing concern is the smashing of Austria, which has, according to her views, ill-treated and ill-used the Slav.

She will pursue this task methodically and slowly, and when it is complete—it may be in a year—she will take such steps as she deems necessary to prevent Germany resuscitating a moribund Austrian Empire.

It is on this delay that Germany counts.

Do not delude yourselves, therefore, that you will see on the part of Russia any theatrical march to Berlin. That, to put the matter bluntly, is a strategic impossibility till she has completely invested and destroyed the fortresses of Königsberg and Danzig, and so far she has evinced no intention of undertaking a task which would occupy her months.

On that Germany counts too.

Russia is, on the contrary, inviting the Prussians into her own country and will deal with them there as she sees fit. This plan of campaign is alone useful to France and England, and they must be thankful for the comparative mercy it provides.

If you doubt me in this respect let me refer you

to that real Poet Laureate of the English, who seeks to hide his identity in *Punch* behind the initials of "O. S."

Owen Seaman, you can take it from me, sees far and clear in matters of State.

And no English versifier of the day has so great a gift for epitomizing in a few simple but telling lines the topic of the hour.

And this is how, in a recent number, he addresses himself to Germany on the subject of the Russian hosts:

> Eastward the Russian draws you to his fold,
> Content, in his own land, to bide his day,
> Out of whose toils not many feet of old
> Found the returning way.

The notion indeed that Russia has such an altruistic affection for either France or England, that she proposes to pull their chestnuts out of the fire for them, is a theory which had best be abandoned for good and all.

Russia is no Don Quixote among the nations.

This brings me to your third ally—Belgium.

England pledged her word as to the neutrality of Belgium. Belgium took England's word as her bond. What is the result? To-day Belgium is a devastated and ruined country.

I do not doubt for a moment that you will make

your word good, but, having put your hand to the plough, you cannot draw back; and whether it takes you five, or fifteen, or fifty years, England cannot end the war until Belgium stands where she did.

And that is a task, believe me, which you English will have to face single-handed.

Either you restore Belgium to her old prosperity or the British Empire falls. The Germans were right in one respect. You cannot bring troops to take part in a struggle for the mastery of Europe, from Canada, Australia, and above all India, and allow them to witness a defeat. You must win or go under.

Now the Germans have said a good deal concerning the advisability of calling coloured troops into the field in a fight against white men. That is an argument which is particularly telling in America, where the colour line still presents a thorny and a bitter problem.

England lost America through a brutal clumsiness, but the loss of America taught her a lesson in tolerance, in justice, and in freedom which has given her the British Empire as it stands to-day; and the tolerance she has shown, and the freedom which she has given, to the coloured races under her sway, and the consideration of conduct which

has marked her dealings with such people as the Japanese, have, I believe, convinced all the black and brown and yellow peoples that if they must have a white master they prefer the English to any other.

It must be remembered that in these days of the quick transit of news and the general dissemination of knowledge that the black and brown and yellow races are not so mal-informed.

They know the English, and they know the Germans, and of the two they prefer the English.

There will, I am confident, be no upheaval for the replacement of the English.

For, after all, this is what this World War means. It is the question of the domination of London or Berlin.

That brings one nearer home. And to me, as an American, it is a little hard to realize the attitude of such countries as Holland and Denmark, Norway and Sweden.

These countries live in terror of the Prussians. They know that if Germany wins, the absorption of their countries is but a matter of time. Beholding the spectacle of a tortured Belgium, which even the Might of England has been unable to save from temporary annihilation, they may perhaps be excused for holding their hands. As

against that, however, I say—and say deliberately—that each of those countries which hangs back tacitly invites the domination of Germany.

From England they have nothing to fear. From Germany they have everything to dread.

Now, to put the matter very bluntly, England is not the champion of the small nations except for her own sake. Every small nation absorbed by Germany becomes a mighty asset to the country which has challenged England as a World Power. That is why England must fight, and fight to the last, for each of the little nations which stand on Germany's frontiers, whether those little countries raise a hand or not.

Can she fight with that end to success? It depends upon her spirit.

On this point I take the words of that great Englishman—I had almost said that great Elizabethan Englishman—Arnold White.

He has a greater conception of the English Ideal than any man I know. Even so, he is not wholly without the taint of the pessimism of Jeremiah.

That makes his testimony all the more interesting, and I refer now to an article of his a few weeks back in the *Referee*, where he is known as "Vanoc."

Arnold White went into a little cinema theatre in Canterbury. Apparently a visit to a cinema theatre was a new experience to him; and there he sat beside a soldier who talked to him of his mother, and there he beheld many phases of English life, all of which seemed to him good and clean.

Now I take the judgment of Arnold White on the character of the English above all men living. And here I should like the honour of placing my testimony beside his and of saying that, in spite of all their imperfections, the spirit of the English is their old spirit, and so clean and so strong that in the end it must prevail.

I feel that theirs is the Might deserved of Right as compared with which the gospel of Germany, that Might *is* Right, is but a small and perishable thing.

I trust that the reiteration of the statement that "each country has the Press which it deserves" may not prove wearisome, but I only drag in this dictum once again to substantiate my hopes. It is inconceivable to me that a people really worthy to take up the great rôle to which they aspire can be capable, through their newspapers, of uttering the vain vapourings, insensate folly, and empty and poisoned viciousness to which the German Press has sunk.

This hysteria of hate, this abandoned and reckless invective, these impotent outbreaks of unreasoning rage, all seem to me but symptomatic of the rottenness of the German cause.

But, rotten as the cause may be, the strength behind it is enormous. There is arrayed against you the genius and the Napoleonic conception and the iron will of the Kaiser, who is the motive power of that colossal Juggernaut, the German Military Machine, which is manned, in millions, by a people which has been taught, with a teaching bordering on the hypnotic, that they are the new Masters of the world.

These, then, are the forces against which you English have to fight, and already it is a very healthy sign that there is no more talk of the war being over in a few months. You know, each one of you, in the back of your minds, that this is a war of years.

I have shown that you cannot count too much on Russia. France will hold her own, but she can do no more than that, till the English are really in the field.

It is the English who will have to take in hand the invasion of Germany, and that invasion of Germany must be by way of Belgium. And it is only when the Germans have been rolled back into

their own country that the real struggle will begin. Germany on the defensive will be a terrible power to crush.

Before that titanic task can be accomplished you will have to place in the field armies which are as yet unrecruited and build guns the designs for which have not yet been made.

All England wondered when Lord Kitchener, making his first statement in the House of Lords as to the reasons which had persuaded him to assume the duties of Minister for War, said that he had taken office for three years only, and that if the war were prolonged beyond that time another must be found to do his work.

Then, to the popular imagination, Germany was a species of bloated sausage to be hacked to pieces in a few weeks. England knows better now, and wonders at Lord Kitchener no more.

You talk glibly of making sacrifices. So far sacrifice means to you the offering of thousands of good lives on the altar of Empire, the prospect of an income tax inflated beyond all previous experience, and what are known as "hard times."

I say to you that before you break the power of Germany the sacrifices which you will have to make will be far more than these. I say to you that before your ultimate triumph each of you

will be thankful if you have a roof over your head and the wherewithal to fill your stomach.

By that time I trust that there will have been silenced for ever the voices of those persons, whom I may call super-humanitarians, which are already being raised in the interests of Germany.

"Win if you like," they say, "but do not smash the German Empire."

I say to you, smash the German Empire bit by bit. Let there be no German Empire, as an Empire, when you have made an end of this war.

This smashing up of the German Empire may at first appear a somewhat brutal and uncomfortable crusade, to which the average Englishman will be averse. For, whatever your traducers may say against you, you have never been the destroyers of States. You did not destroy the States of India, Rather you absorbed them—sword in hand, it is true—but you left them their own nationality, their own ideals, and their own ways of life. For the rest, the wide Dominions you now own were gained for you by hardy pioneers who were the fillers of the waste spaces of the earth.

The problem which Imperial Germany presents to-day is one which you have had to meet only once or twice in your "rough island story."

Spain you destroyed because, more than anything, you abhorred her faith and the tyranny which that faith involved. Napoleon you destroyed because you regarded him as an Individual Monster shattering the peace of the world and menacing your own safety. Germany you must destroy as a Collective Monster which threatens the ideals of individual nations as even Napoleon never did.

And Germany is a formidable and resourceful Collective Monster to destroy. But when you have smashed its body, in the shape of its armies, the spirit which dominates this body to-day will fly fast enough from its dismembered carcase.

I do not wish to underrate the strength of that spirit as it lives at the moment, but, at the same time, you must bear in mind that it is a purely artificial spirit. The sleepy, idealistic, dream-loving little States which Prussia has chained to her chariot will be glad enough to abandon the Germanic Ideal taught by Bismarck and Treitschke and carried into such grim actuality by Wilhelm II.

When the different nationalities which make up the German Empire—and again I remind you that the German Empire contains three Kingdoms, three Republics, and nigh upon a score of Princi-

palities—have once more reverted to their natural condition of existence, they will be peaceable and inoffensive enough. They will live and let live, and love peace and ensue it, once they have been rid of the central autocracy which has drilled them into the belief that it is their collective business to rule the world.

Do not be misled by the apostles of that school of thought which tells you that the German Empire must be saved as a collective whole in order to hold in check the dawning power of Russia.

You must get you a new gospel quite other than this.

You must realize that all countries and all empires begin to experience decay from the moment that they abandon a policy of aggression and expansion. For some years the English Empire has abandoned the idea of aggression and expansion for what it has been pleased to call "Consolidation." That was the beginning of your mistake. It was the beginning of the paralysing idea that Imperialism was a wicked thing. If your theories of life and your theories of State are right, then your Imperialism cannot be wrong. And to me, as an American, it is an almost inconceivable thing that your Imperialism should have

sunk to a species of party politics of a not very paying kind.

When this war is over you will, I trust, have learned that this conception of your Imperialism is not only doomed to failure, but must bring disaster in its train.

In the natural geographical course of things you may have reached a stage of development where, in the matter of territory, you are left, like Alexander, with no further fields to conquer.

But because you do not desire territorial expansion there is no reason why you should not expect and demand fresh territorial domination.

You may, with a quiet mind, and with safety, leave Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa to look after and develop themselves. But for their sakes, as much as for your own, you must acquire a new territory of domination—the territory of Europe.

And before you set out to achieve that new domination you must divest yourselves of all delusions.

The other day I saw that some flamboyant Frenchman had discovered that there could be but one end to the war because the peoples under the sway of the Allies numbered four hundred millions as compared to the one hundred million

which could be counted on by Germany and Austria combined.

This was a statistical illusion, not to say falsehood, of the most dangerous kind. Indeed, there could not be, from what should be the English point of view more poisonous or more perilous nonsense than this.

You cannot, in a life or death struggle of this kind, marshal your millions of Indian peasants as a host to be reckoned with any more than you can rationally regard the Maoris of New Zealand as a potential fighting force.

No, you must rely upon yourselves, and you must remember that the combined populations of Great Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa only just about balance the population of Germany.

Yet, in spite of your numerical inferiority as compared with the masses of Europe I believe that you have still the power to exert your will upon that Continent.

Only, you cannot continue to sit a-straddle the world saying, "Let there be Peace."

You must be in a position to say, "We insist on Peace or there will be War."

You will have to realize that, after all, the destinies of the whole world, excepting those of the

United States and the South American Republics, are controlled from Europe. Therefore, if you are to survive as an Empire, the control of Europe must pass again into your hands.

If it does not pass into your hands you will become as impotent a factor in the scheme of things as Denmark.

Therefore I say, again, that at the end of this war you must get you a new gospel. You must realize that your Imperial Ideal is not only a sane and a sound, but an inspired ideal, and that the scheme of the British Empire is worthy to be maintained and fought for, until such time as that great Empire is placed beyond the fear of all attack.

You must realize that in your vast Dominions overseas you have an ideal so splendid that it is worthy of great efforts and great sacrifices.

Only Europe—and I speak of Europe collectively in order to avoid offence to any particular nation—can have designs upon your Empire.

You must see to it that Europe can have no such aims. You must realize, and rouse yourselves, to stand towering among the nations of Europe with what Roosevelt has called the "Big Stick" until such time as the whole of your Empire has grown to full manhood.

Such is your fate, and it is for you to win or lose.

I believe that you will win.

In the war still ahead of you you have a stern and bitter task, a long and bloody business.

You have a rough road by land, a stormy passage by sea, and buffetings beyond belief in the new-found and unowned Empire of the Air.

I do not believe that such a prospect will affright you. And, as an American, who sees the justice of your cause, I wish you upon all your various ways, God speed.

THE END

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Treitschke was a close friend of Bismarck, and his list of pupils include the political and military leaders of the present generation, such as the Emperor William, Bernhardi, and others.

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Mr. Sladen has taken as his text a pamphlet which, while not formally published, has been widely circulated in the United States, entitled *The Truth About Germany.* This pamphlet was prepared in Germany under the supervision of a Committee of Representative Germans, and may fairly be described as the "official justification of the War." Care has been taken to prevent copies from finding their way into England, which has caused Mr. Sladen to describe the pamphlet as *The Secret White Paper.* He has taken up one by one the statements of the German writers, and has shown how little foundation most of these statements have and how misleading are others which contain some element of truth. In answering the German statements, Mr. Sladen has naturally taken the opportunity to state clearly the case of England. England claims that it was impossible to avoid going into this struggle if it was to keep faith with and fulfill its obligations to Belgium and Luxemburg. Apart from this duty, it is the conviction of England, that it is fighting not only in fulfillment of obligations and to prevent France from being crushed for a second time, but for self-preservation. The German threat has been made openly "first Paris, then London."

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